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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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John Burroughs

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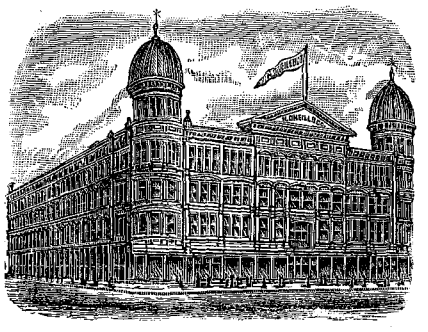

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The Outlook

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 15 September, 1894 Number 11

A SUGAR-PLANTERS' Convention was held in New Orleans last week to consider the question of bounty on sugar. Under the McKinley Act a bounty was given to sugar-growers, and they contend that they have already partly earned the bounty, and are entitled to receive it. Whatever the legal aspects of this claim, it appears on the face of the facts to be an equitable one. The new Tariff Act does not recognize any such right, but abolishes the bounty at once, and with it the bounty bureau established to weigh the sugar and so adjust the basis for the bounty. The immediate and indeed the only avowed object of the Convention was to arrange for some final weighing of the sugar of the present season in order to lay a basis for a claim against the Government, and it was intended to exclude politics. But the feeling of the meeting was too strong, and, with few exceptions, those present, some three or four hundred in number, declared themselves ready to sever their connection with the Democratic party and to organize and vote a straight Republican ticket for the purpose of securing a restoration of the bounty and the maintenance of the Republican principle of protection. It was finally decided to call a mass-meeting for September 17, to arrange for the nomination of members of Congress and a Republican political campaign. This is as it should be. Protection to American industries by a tariff arranged and levied for that purpose is the Republican policy; leaving private industries to take care of themselves, and levying a tariff solely for the purposes of revenue, is the Democratic policy. The sooner protectionist Democrats join the Republican party, and revenue-reform Republicans join the Democratic party, the better for honest politics. A protectionist Democrat is a sham, and any reality is better than any sham. No political error is as bad as political hypocrisy.

❀

In the Maine election held on Monday of this week the Democratic vote was reduced almost one-half from that polled in 1892. On the basis of the returns thus far received it is estimated that the Republican majority will reach 35,000, which is 12,000 greater than in 1856, when Hannibal Hamlin led the anti-slavery Democrats into the ranks of the Republicans. A majority of 35,000 in Maine is proportionate to a majority of 300,000 in New York. Of the other political events of the week, the Republican victory in Vermont with a largely increased majority, the Democratic victory in Arkansas with the usual majority, and the renomination of Governor Waite by the Populists of Colorado, have all together awakened much less interest than the letter of Senator Jones, of Nevada, to the Chairman of his Republican State Committee severing his connection with the Republican party. Nor does the interest awakened outrun the importance of the event. Were Senator Jones's vote the only thing at stake, his determination to "henceforth vote for and act with" the free-silver party would still be of importance, inasmuch as it reduces the Republican minority in the Senate to 36 votes against 52 in the opposition, and makes still more remote the possibility of renewed Republican ascendency in that body. But Senator Jones's vote counts for much less than the man. He is not only recognized both in this country and in Europe to be the ablest advocate of the free coinage of silver, but is considered by some close thinkers to be the ablest living bimetallist. Since 1873 he has been a Republican United States Senator, and his abandonment of his party at this juncture will probably have a decided influence upon the political future of all the silver-mining States. In speaking of the reasons which led him to write this letter Senator Jones said:

"The change has not been in me or in my views, but in the position of the Republican party in forsaking the cause of silver and making possible the repeal of the Sherman Act. The Act of 1890 was passed by a unanimous vote of the Republicans, who at that time favored silver. Last year they laid the blame for the prevailing distress upon their own measure and repealed it. If they admit that their own laws are so disastrous, how can they appeal to the people to put them again in power? There is no hope for monetary reform from either of the old parties. Outside of the silver-producing States themselves, which may be supposed to favor silver from their own interests, California is the only State in which a Republican Convention has declared in favor of silver. Declarations that the parity and interconvertibility of the several kinds of money must be maintained amount to nothing whatever. The trouble is with the value of money in general. Suppose we had a yardstick that was growing longer every year. It would never bring it back to its normal size to declare that every yardstick should be equal to every other yardstick. No; the only hope for a better system lies in the growth of the third-party movement."

❀

A meeting of representatives of the various organizations opposed to Tammany rule in New York City was held last week in Madison Square Garden, for the purpose of seeing what arrangements can be made to secure the election of a citizens' ticket. The most important contribution to the discussion of the evening was an admirable letter from ex-Mayor Hewitt, from which we make some significant extracts:

"If we have a Tammany government, it is because the majority have not been sufficiently aroused to unite against the superior organization which has uniformly secured the success of Tammany Hall. This result will be repeated in the coming election unless the opposition can be united in support of a single ticket. If Tammany should conclude that the opposition will thus unite, its leaders will order the nomination of some citizen of high character and undoubted qualifications for the office. They will do this because, being strongly intrenched in public office, they can afford to tolerate the nominal control of an honest Mayor, whose election will have preserved their prestige and their patronage. He will be powerless, as I was, to dislodge their influence, and, from the fact of having accepted a Tammany nomination, he will be bound in honor to limit such appointments as he may have to make to those who are in sympathy with the organization. . . . The disclosures of the Lexow Committee and of the police trials have added nothing to the knowledge of those who are familiar with the city government. Things were quite as bad, or even worse, when I was elected Mayor, and although reforms were made,

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it was not possible to secure such evidence as would convict the offenders. Until Tammany influence is entirely extirpated no permanent reform is to be expected; and the case will not be improved by the substitution of a Republican party machine for Tammany Hall. The citizens of New York can have a good government if they desire it, but the fundamental condition is that it shall be divorced from the control of any political party; and until this condition precedent is acted upon it is absurd to complain either of bad government or Tammany Hall, which may always be counted upon to give the citizens the best government which is consistent with the interests of its leaders and its followers. The key to the situation is, therefore, the union of the opposition to Tammany Hall upon a single ticket."

A Committee of Seventy was provided for, to be appointed by the chairman of the meeting, "to confer with other anti-Tammany organizations and take such action as may be necessary."

❀

Mr. Hewitt has, in his letter quoted above, put the whole issue tersely and truthfully. Under Tammany rule life and property have been, on the whole, well protected, and the legal taxation has not been extravagant as compared with that of other cities. But blackmail has been systematically levied, first on all candidates for office, from the Supreme Court judges down to the police patrolmen; second, on all houses of vice of every description; and, thirdly, on all private and honorable business whenever there was any opportunity to levy it. Whether this is to continue or not it is for the citizens to say this fall. To substitute a Republican machine for a Democratic machine will be of no advantage. The government of Philadelphia is, in its way, as corrupt as that of New York. If the Republican party undertakes to conduct a municipal reform campaign on the assumption that no men are honest except Republicans, the reform will be defeated. If, on the contrary, all honest citizens unite in a common effort to redeem the city, it can be redeemed. If this is the spirit of the movement, it is immaterial whether an independent and honest Republican is nominated for Mayor, and the nomination is confirmed by other anti-Tammany organizations, or whether an Independent Mayor is nominated on a citizens' ticket, and the nomination is confirmed by the Republican party. One method gave Brooklyn last year Mayor Schieren, the other method a few years previously gave it Mayor Low.

❀

The Lexow Committee has again begun its inquiry into the corruption of the New York Police Department. Since it adjourned, the Department itself, through its responsible head, the Board of Commissioners, has recognized the existence of widespread corruption, by discharging from the force, after trial, four captains and about a dozen officers of lower rank. The very fact that so many men in the force have been guilty of blackmailing in precisely the same way, shows the existence of a *system* of bribery and connivance at crime; no one can maintain that these cases are sporadic—they are endemic. It is natural to ask why the Commissioners themselves never saw or heard any of the abundant testimony until the Lexow Committee, through Mr. Goff, put it so plainly before them that they could not but take cognizance of it. It seems now almost superfluous for the Lexow Committee to produce further evidence as to blackmail and bribery. No man in New York any longer denies the facts. Dr. Parkhurst has been proved to have been not only right, but accurately right, when he declared that our police system was corrupt through and through. The objective points now should be the purchase of appointments by captains and patrolmen, the final disposition of the money taken as bribes, and the right organization of the force for the future. On the last point the feeling is growing among reformers that there should be one governing head, a man appointed by the Mayor and removable by him. Then the people would know just where to place the responsibility. And when it comes to selecting the Mayor himself, there is only one thing needful—to follow the course indicated by Dr. Parkhurst when he says that "our salvation from Tammany corruption lies in the renunciation of our partisan preferences." As to Superintendent Byrnes's report on the condition of the Department, it is in part a confession and in part an avoidance; he confesses that the license law is absolutely unenforced, he avoids the subject of corruption among the police. Some of his recommendations are good; thus, the advice that the Inspectors should be detached from district duty is none the less sound because it would throw more power into the Superintendent's hands. One good result that has already come from the present agitation is the doing away with the old "ward-men," who were special detectives attached, one to each police precinct, to do the lesser local detective work in plain clothes—the headquarters detectives being called in in important cases. Naturally, these ward-men were the personal henchmen of the corrupt captains, and were always the go-betweens for all the "dirty work" of the precincts.

❀

We welcome in the New York "Evening Post" an editorial protesting vigorously, as our readers will remember we did some weeks ago, against the attempt to extend the function of the injunction to such an extent as is proposed in the present proceedings against Mr. Debs and other members of the American Railway Union for contempt. That we have no sympathy with Mr. Debs or with the strike which he led we have made apparent by our unqualified condemnation of the entire proceeding, in its origin, its methods, and its results. Moreover, we have advocated such changes in the laws of the land as will make counseling such a wholesale interference with the highways of the Nation a penal offense, if it is not so already. But if it is, the persons charged with the violation of the law should be tried before a jury of their peers, with all the protections which Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence affords to persons accused of crime. If, on the other hand, there is no existing law against such a strike, the courts should not allow themselves to create such a law by judicial edict and enforce it by contempt proceedings. We quote from the "Evening Post:"

"Our readers do not require to be told that we regarded the aims of the strikers at Chicago as hopeless and their methods as wicked and criminal. We do not forget, however, that these men are our fellow-citizens, or impute to them as a body any exceptional depravity. It is in the highest degree important that the very poorest member of the community should possess unshaken confidence in the integrity of our judges and the impartiality of the administration of justice. We fear that many of the common people, especially in the Western States, entertain the belief that the courts have allied themselves with the great corporate interests of the country, and it is eminently desirable that this belief should have no sound basis. It is the duty of the courts to defend rights of property, and upon this account they incur a certain degree of unpopularity with those who have few such rights to defend. But every effort should be made to escape this odium by exhibiting the strictest impartiality, and there is reason for contending that this caution has been disregarded in the recent injunctions. Upon their face they indicate the purpose of causing the arrest and punishment of citizens, without trial by jury, for offenses for which criminal jurisprudence provides that right. If there is no other way of repressing crime except by treating it as contempt of court, our jurisprudence must be reconstituted upon models that have more likeness to those which prevail under despotic governments."

❀

The strike of the garment-workers in New York City has enlisted universal sympathy and support from the

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public, and is approaching, at this writing, an apparently just and, it is to be hoped, final settlement. These garment-workers were, as a body, thrown out of work in May, 1893, and work was not revived until May, 1894, and then only at such rates that good workmen earned but six dollars a week by ten hours' daily toil. Saturday, September 1, they struck for a ten hours' day, from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an hour off at noon, a weekly minimum wage, and a weekly pay-day. As a rule, the great clothing houses deal with "contractors," who, in turn, employ the garment-workers. All three parties, workers, contractors, and dealers, have their "unions" or "associations." The contractors held a meeting of their Protective Association on Tuesday evening, and voted that the men's demands were right and ought to be granted, but that they could not grant the advance unless the wholesale clothing-dealers would advance their rates of payment. On Wednesday Messrs. Fechheimer & Fishel, a large wholesale house, declared that they considered the demands of the men right, that no business which could not pay the workers the minimum wages asked ought to exist, that no man ought to work more than ten hours a day, and that they would pay their contractors the advance necessary to enable them to accede to the demands of the men. They also, on Thursday, sent a list of the contractors who worked for them to the headquarters of the United Garment-workers, that arrangements might be made for the tailors to return to work for these contractors.

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Other dealers have indicated their readiness to accede to the advance demanded. The press and the public have also heartily sustained these demands, so that there can be no doubt that the public will pay, if necessary, the increased prices for the clothing rendered necessary by the advance in wages. And yet the strike is not fully over. The workmen insist that bonds shall be given for the faithful fulfillment of the new terms; and the better class of contractors sustain this demand, for there will be workmen, contractors, and manufacturers who, for the sake of gain, will be continually seeking to lengthen the working hours, and unless some legal penalty is provided for the enforcement of the contract it will be imperiled by the spirit of competition, which in the clothing trade is very sharp and often utterly unscrupulous. The sweating system has been for many years publicly condemned, but so long as the men consented to work for miserable wages and during excessive hours, the competition of the men for work and of the public for cheap goods rendered every one concerned helpless. The men themselves were the only power that could stop the steady process toward starvation wages. Nor could they have done anything had they not been organized in a "union." The results of this strike should convince the most unbelieving that there is power for good as well as for evil in trade-unions, and that public opinion can do much to facilitate justice in such cases; for it is probable that, without the support so cordially extended to the strikers by the press of the city, and by some philanthropists co-operating with the strikers, the contractors might not have ventured to ask for an advance from the dealers.

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Mr. W. B. Shaw's invaluable review of State Legislation appears this year in the "Review of Reviews." As usual, it records so many good changes as to be very encouraging reading. It is true that only one legislature out of fourteen in session during the last year passed an important law against the liquor traffic. This was in Kentucky, where the right of local option was extended to the entire State. Over against this must be set the new license law in Iowa, which was a concession to the demands of the liquor traffic. In New York State the Republican Legislature left unchanged the code of excise legislation framed by its Democratic predecessor. But outside of this field the reforms sanctioned have been numerous and important. Massachusetts has taken the lead in the line of educational reform. It has now extended the privilege of a high-school education to every child in the Commonwealth. This it does by requiring those towns which do not themselves support high schools to pay the tuition of their resident children in the high schools of other towns. Transportation expenses are also authorized to be paid from the public money. The same State has provided that after 1895 manual training shall be given in every city having a population of twenty thousand, and authorizes instruction in cooking as a part of the regular curriculum throughout the State. It also carries further the exclusion of illiterates from the suffrage by providing that each voter shall hereafter be required to read from a slip containing a portion of the State Constitution, each of these slips to be drawn from a box. New York State has authorized the Superintendent to withhold a portion of the public-school fund from any district which fails to enforce the Compulsory Education Law. Utah permits kindergartens to be maintained from public-school moneys. Such progressive legislation in that Territory ought to lessen Eastern fears that Statehood would imply the reascendency of the Mormon priesthood. Of the miscellaneous reforms sanctioned, the most important are the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to children under the age of sixteen in Iowa, the authorizing of villages owning water-works to furnish gas and electric light to their inhabitants in New York, and the extension of the Civil Service Law in Massachusetts to all towns of over twelve thousand inhabitants. In the entire list recorded by Mr. Shaw, if we except the Rhode Island race-track law, there is hardly an act that is clearly bad. The legislative sins of the past year seem to be those of omission rather than of commission.

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In the "Review of Reviews" for September is a translation of the declaration of the bimetallist members of the German Silver Commission. The translation was furnished to the "Review of Reviews" by President Andrews, who regards it as one of the most telling and weighty summaries ever made of the case for bimetallism. It certainly is exceptionally good. Its only fault is that it uses some arguments that do not carry weight. Like most of the advocates of bimetallism in this country, the German Commissioners begin their argument by establishing the fact that the increased purchasing power of money during the last twenty years has been due to the exclusion of silver from the coinage. Over against the claim of monometallists that the increased value of money is due to the cheapening of production, the Commissioners point out that during the twenty years prior to 1873, when both metals were admitted to the currency, this same cheapening process was going on, without any rise in the value of money. As to the evils resulting from silver's demonetization, the Commissioners say:

"An incessantly heavier and heavier burden is falling on the debtor in favor of the creditor. In respect to this Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, remarks: 'A great part of the capital employed in the business of our land has passed into the hands of creditors who have neither toiled nor spun, but hold securities and mortgages. The discouragement caused by this state of things is very deep. . . . All desire to undertake business enterprises is paralyzed.' . . . A setback to German agriculture is manifest, referable (in part) to the necessity

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of selling a constantly increasing amount of decreasing agricultural products in order to pay wages, interest, rent, leases, taxes. . . . A falling-off amounting to billions is taking place in the value of a nation's land and soil. Increasing discontent is overpowering the population, showing itself in the progress of Socialistic Democracy and also in the anti-Semitic movement."

This last point is one to which enough attention has not previously been given. Those most injured by the increase in value of the unit of value are not the laborers who are thrown out of work or have their wages reduced, but the small land-owners and shop-owners whose property is swept into the hands of their creditors. The changing of small property-owners into men who have nothing to lose adds very greatly to the forces of revolutionary discontent. It will be remembered that the last great revolutionary outbreak in Europe was in 1848, when the scarcity of currency and the fall of prices was the cause of the widespread bankruptcy and business paralysis.

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The fear that the international free coinage of silver would result in a depreciated currency is answered by the Commissioners as follows: "International free coinage would at most leave barely enough excess of gold and silver over the industrial demands to keep pace with the increase of business and population. The precious metal production with which we have now to reckon is, in fact, proportionally to the various demands that have been made upon it, very much less than that of the fifties and sixties, which then brought rich economic blessings and did no injury whatever." We notice in the dispatches of this week that Senator Mills, of Texas, in an anti-silver speech in that State, has gone so far as to say that the free coinage of silver would add nothing to the currency, since all the silver mined is already used in the manufactures or sent to the Orient. Mr. Mills's contention is, of course, incorrect, for, while all the silver mined is disposed of in the arts and in the East at its present value, nearly one-half of it might be added to the currency were it coined at its old value. Nevertheless, with the free coinage of silver at its old value, only about seventy or eighty millions a year would probably be added to the world's currency, and this is but little more than the United States added to her currency during the decade from '80 to '90, and less than France added to her currency during the decade following the gold discoveries at the middle of the century. The world's currency cannot be inflated by international bimetallism. In fact, the supply of metallic currency could not be increased as rapidly as the demand.

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Last week six negroes were killed by lynchers not far from Memphis, Tenn., on the suspicion of having been concerned in barn-burning. The dispatch which gives an account of the lynching adds that many people believe these negroes to have been absolutely innocent. It also adds, we are glad to say, that the public feeling is strongly aroused against these six murders, and that there are hopes of the lynchers being brought to justice. The common answer to criticism on mob-law in the South is to say that lynching is inflicted only in punishment for brutal outrages. Such occurrences as this in Tennessee (and they are reported only too often) discredit this even as an answer—it cannot be called a defense. It is a natural question to ask whether these six men would have been thus put to death on suspicion if they had been of the white race. The remedy for lawlessness must always be looked for in the creation of a sound public sentiment and in firm, reasonable agitation. An encouraging movement of this kind is reported from Louisiana, where Professor George H. Henderson, of Straight University, himself a colored man, has presented to the Legislature a petition which points out moderately but strongly the evils of mob violence, its prevalence in the State, and the pressing need of legislation to prevent or punish it. The most striking thing about this petition is that Professor Henderson was able to obtain for it the signatures of leading citizens of both races. At the head of the list stands the name of the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, than whom no one possesses more fully the confidence of conservative and influential white citizens. Next follow the signatures of General William Preston Johnston, the President of Tulane University and the son of the famous Confederate General, Albert Sydney Johnston, of the Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Church, and of others of high standing socially and politically. It is significant that these petitioners declare that, while Louisiana is comparatively free from the brutal crime for the commission of which only lynching is so commonly alleged to be limited, it is very far from free from lynching and mob violence. Professor Henderson believes in the existence of a now Silent South whose voice, if it be once heard, will sound for law and order and for universal justice. The material as well as the moral interests of their section call upon this "Silent South" to follow promptly and vigorously in the line of reform pointed out by this petition.

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Professor Peabody, of the Harvard University, presents in the September "Forum" an interesting summary of results, which he has reached from an evidently careful examination of statistical reports obtained from a number of colleges and theological seminaries, bearing on "the proportion of college-trained preachers." The various colleges will take especial interest in the comparison of the percentages from different institutions, and there are presented in the table some curious facts, the full significance of which we do not pretend to interpret. For instance, in twenty-five years nearly 350 Amherst graduates entered the ministry, the only college presenting a larger number being Princeton, from which 490 graduates entered; but, while the average entrance from Amherst in twenty years was sixteen a year, in the last five years it has been only a little over five a year; while Harvard College, the average of which for twenty years was a little less than nine a year, has presented during the last five years an average of over eighteen a year. In other words, the average number of graduates entering the ministry from Amherst has fallen two-thirds, while the average entering the ministry from Harvard has doubled in the same time. Princeton and Yale have held their own. Harvard is the only one of the larger colleges which has increased its average, and its average for the twenty years preceding was among the best, only Amherst and Princeton greatly exceeding it. If from actual numbers we turn to percentages, it appears that the percentage of Amherst graduates for twenty years was 25, but for the last five years only 7, while the percentage of Harvard has increased from 24 to 30. Even Princeton has fallen in the percentage a little during the last five years. Professor Peabody, however, justly remarks that it is quite possible that the percentage of graduates entering the other so-called learned professions may also have fallen off, since new departments of activity calling for college-bred men have been opened during the last twenty-five years. What is of quite as much general importance in this article is the table showing that for the last ten years about 70 per cent. of the theological students in twelve theological schools of different denominations have been college graduates. "This

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means," says Professor Peabody, "that these schools of theology are practically administered on the post-graduate level of instruction. Their standard of antecedent education is undoubtedly higher than can be claimed for almost any school of law or medicine in this country." The net impression produced by this article is that the intellectual qualifications of the ministry are at least as high now as they ever have been, and that there is not the actual falling off in the supply of college students for the ministry which religious conventions and the religious press have often assumed. In fact, the average number of graduates entering the ministry for the last five years has been a little greater than the average for the last twenty-five years, but the number of college graduates entering the ministry in 1893 is almost exactly that of those who entered the ministry in 1869, while the total number of graduates has greatly increased.

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It has an odd sound to say that a great battle has been postponed on account of the weather, but that is about the state of things in Korea. The Chinese and Japanese armies are fronting one another not far from Ping Yang, with not very unequal forces; the former having, it is stated, twenty thousand men, the latter fifteen thousand men, in position. But the heavy rains have swollen the Korean streams, floods cover the lowlands, and an impassable barrier of water lies between the hostile forces. Meanwhile, so Shanghai advices declare, negotiations for an armistice between Japan and China are in progress. From China the most important news is that of the degradation of Admiral Ting on charges of timidity and incompetence. This emphasizes the belief already prevalent that in the naval operations about the Gulf of Chihli the Japanese have altogether outwitted their slower-moving antagonists. The note sent out by China to the European powers merely repeats what had already been semi-officially promulgated as China's view with regard to the origin of the war. It reaffirms China's claim over Korea as a vassal State, asserts that Chinese troops were sent to Korea solely at the request of Korea's King, and declares that Japan first sent troops illegally and with the intention of occupying the capital, and then precipitated an unjust war. Rumors that Li Hung Chang is trying to secure the intervention of Russia or Great Britain are discredited.

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General News.—The Count of Paris died at Stowe House, near London, last Saturday; a portrait and sketch of his life will be found in our last issue.——Professor Hermann von Helmholtz, the distinguished German writer and lecturer on physics and mechanics, died in Berlin on Saturday last.——General George Stoneman, the famous Federal cavalry leader in the Civil War, died, at the age of seventy-two, last week, Thursday, at Buffalo, N. Y.——The latest news from Bluefields reports that quiet has prevailed of late in the Mosquito country, and that the Nicaraguan authorities will soon relieve the country of the government by martial law which is now in force.——Dispatches from Paris assert that the new Panama Canal Company is ready to issue shares, and that 65,000,000 francs' worth of new shares will at once be put on the market, out of which 5,000,000 will go to Colombia for continuing the concession; it is believed that $100,000,000 will complete the work.——It is stated that there are now five thousand cases of cholera each week in Russian Poland, and that there have been within the last few weeks three thousand deaths from cholera in the Austrian provinces of Galicia and Bukowina.——A bomb was thrown by an Anarchist into a café in Turin last week and exploded, but fortunately without seriously injuring any one.——The election of the Hawaiian Legislature will take place on October 29.——Professor Heinrich Karl Brugsch, the distinguished philologist and Egyptologist, died at Berlin, Germany, on September 10.

John Burroughs

Mr. Burroughs's portrait, which appears on the title-page of The Outlook this week, is that of the foremost contemporary writer on nature in this country. His trenchant and courageous pen has often made its welcome contributions to the columns of this journal, but never has he spoken with more freedom and directness than in the long and familiar talk reported by Mr. Clifton Johnson in part in another column, and to be completed next week. In this frank talk about nature, farming, education, literature, and religion Mr. Burroughs's characteristics are revealed with great clearness. He has, to begin with, an elemental quality which keeps him close to nature, and which has imparted to all his writing the smell of the earth. There is something vitalizing in the soil, not only for all manner of natural life, but for man; something comes into him through physical contact with the earth which cannot get into him in any other way; and that something, in the man who has the power of expression, reveals itself in originality, freshness, simplicity, and force.

Mr. Burroughs has sometimes interrupted his personal relations with Mother Earth, but he has never broken them. The bonds between them have never been loosened, and have irresistibly drawn him back to the soil. "For thirty years or more," he writes, "I have been afflicted with a sort of chronic homesickness, a longing for the old farm where I was born yonder amid the hills. Every season I go back there, and for a brief time the homesickness is allayed; but it soon returns again, and then I discover that it is a longing for youth, for father and mother, and for the old days on the farm which cannot return." This form of nostalgia is pathetically common, but the instinct for living, not only on the soil, but in contact with it, which comes out here and there in Mr. Burroughs's work and in his talk, is a homesickness of the soul for the ancient mother of us all. Mr. Burroughs is, by instinct, habit, and taste, a farmer even more than a naturalist.

The farmer in Mr. Burroughs is an original and delightful writer, but he is first and always a farmer. In a very interesting and unaffected account of his boyhood, written several years ago, his early intimacy with nature comes out in almost every paragraph. He calls before us Old Clump, the bald-top mountain in the lap of which his father's farm lay, and whence his familiar work was to bring the sheep home; just below the summit is the spring, dear to the boy and indescribably refreshing in the memory of the man; in the distance stood the little red school-house, and through the meadow beyond it ran the brook, with endless resources of dam-building, swimming, and fishing. To the red school-house, a mile and a half distant across windy hills, swept in season by piercing blasts, the boy went, summer and winter, until his twelfth year, when his work on the farm began to absorb his summers. The simplicity and sincerity of the home life; the superficial sternness and fundamental tenderness of the father, the devoted affection of the mother; the struggle of the boy to secure an education beyond the rudiments, and his sturdy independence in earning money to buy text-books by tapping the maple-trees and putting exceptionally fine sugar on the market early; the literary tastes and aspirations cherished in solitude, are suggested without being obtruded. Then came the first exciting journey in the

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world—the trip into the next county by stage-coach to secure a position as a teacher. The young teacher was a student as well, and the small profits of teaching were reinvested in learning, for the boy secured his opportunity at the seminary by wielding the rod of authority in the country school-house.

There was much studying of books by the future writer, but there was a more important and individual training from association with nature. It was largely unconscious, but so is much of the deepest education a man acquires. "I was not much of a student of the birds or of nature during those years," writes Mr. Burroughs. "As a farm boy I had known all the common birds well, and had loved the woods and the fields passionately, but my attention was not seriously turned to natural history till I was a man grown. But no one starts in the study of natural history with such advantages as he whose youth was passed on the farm. He has already got a great deal of it in his blood and bones; he has grown up in right relations with bird and beast; the study comes easy and natural to him. The main things are a love of nature and simple tastes, and who is so likely to have these as the boy from the farm?"

"Love of nature and simple tastes" might be used as a characterization of Mr. Burroughs's work as a writer. His eight or nine volumes of essays and his contributions to periodical literature bear witness to these two qualities in his nature, his life, and his art. They seem very elementary and, in a way, very commonplace as furnishing the motives of a literary career; but, like all elemental things, they are fundamental, original, and vital; they are the qualities out of which come the fresh touch, the first-hand observation, the searching comment, the richly suggestive thought. Mr. Burroughs has probably interpreted nature to a greater number of his contemporaries than any other prose writer of his time. He has not imitated Thoreau, but he has advanced and broadened the work which the Concord naturalist, observer, and philosopher began. He has affected a multitude whom Thoreau fails to reach, and that multitude he has led back to nature. He has not only taught them to see and hear sights and sounds before invisible and inaudible, but he has given them spiritual refreshment, intellectual stimulus, sane habits and methods, and a new and inexhaustible resource. For Mr. Burroughs stands much nearer his fellows than does Thoreau; his sympathy with them is warmer, his human interests are closer and keener. He loves nature, but he loves men also; and his dealing with nature has a singularly attractive element in it. When he returns from the deep woods, he has not Thoreau's air of proprietorship; he has rather the air of a prospector who has discovered new territory and wishes to share his superior fortune with the landless and unthrifty.

The essential independence, integrity, and simplicity which Mr. Burroughs reveals in his studies of nature come out with equal distinctness in his studies of literature; for he loves books as well as fields and woods. He cares mainly for writers of elemental force and individual power; for men like Carlyle, Emerson, and Whitman; men who are free from the academic strain, and who speak with more or less clearness out of their own natures. He cares little for the authority of conventions in art; he cares supremely for the authority of nature. He values reality, downrightness, the fire struck from a strong character. "What Taine calls his barbarism," he says in his delightful account of "Carlyle's Country," "was his strong mason sire cropping out. He was his father's son to the last drop of his blood, a master builder working with might and main. . . . I know of no other man in literature with whom the sense of labor is so tangible and terrible. That vast, grim, struggling, silent, inarticulate array of ancestral force that lay in him, when the burden of written speech was laid upon it, half rebelled, and would not cease to struggle and be inarticulate. There was a plethora of power; a channel, as through rocks, had to be made for it, and there was an incipient cataclysm whenever a book was to be written." Mr. Burroughs has been the sturdy advocate of Walt Whitman for many years, and those who have grown up in a bookish atmosphere will find themselves looking at literature from a new point of view when they read his interpretations of a body of verse which he has studied long and sympathetically; and, however one may dissent from Mr. Burroughs's views on any question, one must always yield him that respect which is due to frankness, courage, integrity, and force of intellect and character.

The Moral Side of the Protective System

Many persons who have been perplexed by the economic arguments for and against the protective system are, under the influence of recent revelations, approaching the conviction that its economic advantages, whatever they may be, are more than counterbalanced by its moral evils. We propose in this article to attempt to describe the argument, perhaps we should rather say the process not yet crystallized into an argument, which is forcing them toward this conclusion.

A paternal and non-representative government is not directly affected by personal and local interests in the nation. It is therefore possible, and even natural, for the government to disregard minor and local interests, and consider only those which are national. The former Emperor of France, for example, was, at least in theory, able to disregard the special interests of particular provinces, and, taking a broad view of the whole Empire, shape the national policy for the universal welfare. The Emperor in such a case may, therefore, and in theory should, consider whether the promotion out of the public purse, either by subsidies or by protection against competition, of some particular industry (as silk manufacture) will be for the general good, and he may shape the imperial policy accordingly.

But in a democratic and representative government such a course becomes much more difficult, and the difficulty is enormously enhanced if the nation embraces the greater part of a continent, with a heterogeneous population and a great variety of apparently conflicting industrial interests. It is not the theory of Americans that the people can elect from the different localities of so vast a country an assembly of statesmen large-minded enough to disregard provincial interests and to consider only those of the Nation. If any one ever entertained a theory so absurd, it should have been long since demolished by actual experience. Satirists ridicule the Representative who devotes his Congressional energies to serving his "Deestrict." But it was for such service that his "Deestrict" elected him. And usually his capacity fits him for this and nothing more. It is rare to find an educator whose views of general education are not determined by the conditions of his particular institution; or a clergyman whose judgment respecting the Church universal is not colored, if not wholly formed, by the limitations of his denomination. Even newspaper editors have been known to have their judgments warped by the interests of their readers.

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And in a Congress of over four hundred members of average intellectual and moral ability, it is wholly unreasonable to look for more than two or three, if so many, who are able to comprehend the interests of the whole Nation, or to disregard those of their own locality, if National and local interests seem to demand different policies. The theory of a Nation founded, as the United States is, on local self-government, is that the people will elect, not a Congress composed of statesmen large-minded enough to comprehend National interests and disinterested enough to sacrifice local to National welfare, but a Congress in which, by means of the collision of local interests, National welfare will be, though somewhat rudely, ascertained and served. We have abandoned as hopeless the attempt to secure an aristocracy wise and noble enough to perceive and secure the general well-being, and have substituted therefor an assembly in which all interests are represented, and by which, therefore, we hope the universal interest will be secured.

Now, this experiment—and as yet it is only an experiment—may work very well so long as special legislation is discountenanced or prohibited. But whenever special legislation is encouraged, corrupt and corrupting influences are at once brought into operation. Each locality and each interest is eager to secure advantages, and each Representative is expected by his constituency to secure them. Almost inevitably that happens which has recently happened: General principles, such as that of free raw material, are crowded to the wall; iron-producing States demand a tariff on iron, wool-producing States a tariff on wool, sugar-producing States a bounty on sugar. Each Representative, eager to secure an advantage for his own constituents, promises his vote to another equally eager Representative in exchange for the vote he desires. Commercial enterprises send their agents to Washington to beg or to buy influence. In the general scramble for special advantages the National welfare is forgotten, pre-election pledges are discarded, general principles are ignored, and public corruption and public disgrace are the inevitable consequence.

The question, then, is pressing itself home upon many who have heretofore been protectionists, whether any economic advantages can compensate for the moral disadvantages of such a system. They are beginning to ask themselves: Is it not better to be poorer and more honest? to sacrifice something of National wealth than to hazard the National honor? And is there any way by which, in a democratic and self-governing Nation, the promotion of special interests can be secured by National legislation without a resultant scramble for advantages which directly corrupts those who are concerned in it, indirectly corrupts the whole community, and, by setting locality against locality, endangers that National unity which is of infinitely more value than any temporary acquisition of wealth?

It may be possible to find an answer to this last question, though we think most of our readers will agree that it has not yet been found. An endeavor was made, under President Arthur, to frame a truly National protective tariff by means of a National Commission; but the Commission proved an ineffectual barrier against clamorous commercial interests. The answer to the other question is entirely clear. If protective legislation is to lead in the future, as it has led in the past, to local jealousies and strifes, to political vote-bartering, to systematic lobbying, to the violation of political pledges at the dictation of commercial interests, to the ill-concealed purchase of legislative action, culminating in such an act of National disgrace as has just been perpetrated by the United States Senate, no possible development of National industries, no possible increase of National wealth, no larger wages to workingmen, no larger dividends to capitalists, can compensate for such a corruption of personal and public morals.

Near at Hand

In this country recreation is taken both seriously and expensively; when the American sets out to amuse himself, as a rule, he must make unusual preparations, go to a distant point, and spend a good deal of money. As a result, he puts into his brief play-spell more thought and energy than he takes out of it in the way of rest and change. His recreation is only another form of business. The German or Frenchman, on the other hand, takes his recreation cozily, inexpensively, and without elaborate preparation. He finds the locality for an outing within walking distance of his work; he spends very little money; and he gets the maximum of enjoyment for the minimum of expense to his brain and his pocket. He takes his recreation as a matter of course, and looks for his pleasure in his surroundings. He has learned the lesson of getting rest and happiness out of simple things. In a word, he has mastered the secret of pleasure, which depends not on surroundings but on adaptation. There is as much pleasure to be had in Central Park as in Hyde Park, and the restless man who cannot find it in the great playground of New York will not discover it in the great playground of London. The real things are always simple. There is no artifice about greatness; no trick in noble living; no elaboration or expense attaching to wholesome pleasure. No man knows how to enjoy himself until he has learned to get enjoyment out of the simplest things about him.

Editorial Notes

—Industrial co-operation is on the increase in England. Indeed, it is almost startling to find that in twenty years (1871-1891) the number of co-operative societies has grown from 746 to 1,656, their capital from twelve million dollars to eighty-six millions, and their profits from three and a half millions to twenty-three millions.

—Last week we printed a selected story from the pen of Mr. I. Zangwill. This week we break the series of "Selected Stories" in order to print a new story by Mr. Zangwill, which we think our readers will find quite equal in quality to those with which the public is already acquainted.

—The Chicago "Dial" is authority for the statement that "The public library at Los Angeles, Cal., recently purchased a number of French books, including the works of M. Jean Richepin. A local clergyman of the Methodist persuasion got wind of the affair, and delivered a sermon attacking the librarian (a woman, by the way), and containing this fervent supplication: 'O Lord, vouchsafe thy saving grace to the librarian of the Los Angeles City Library, and cleanse her of all sin, and make her a woman worthy of her office.' The librarian has promptly brought suit for damages against the offending preacher." The law, although it protects the librarian, unfortunately can offer no protection to either Heaven or the Church against such prayers.

—What the New York "Nation" calls "College Anarchism" seems to be spreading in Wisconsin. Superintendent of Education Wells, of that State, who loudly attacked the chief of "College Anarchists," Professor Ely, and was ingloriously defeated, has now been repudiated by the Democratic party of his State, which elected him to his present office. At the State Convention last week his name was greeted with hisses, and the President of the Board of Normal Regents "forcibly" stated that, although Mr. Wells had been nominated by him four years ago, he now considered that the Superintendent had proved himself incompetent. Congressman O. A. Wells felt called upon to "protest against any association with Superintendent Wells which the similarity of names might endanger." The "Nation" promised to express its definite opinion of Superintendent Wells's charges against Professor Ely—which it eagerly admitted to its columns—when the outcome of those charges was settled. That time has about come, it would seem.

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A Summer Day's Observations

By John Burroughs

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

In Two Parts—I.

WEST PARK is a small and scattered village of farm-houses about sixty miles from New York, up the Hudson River. Its chief distinction, so far as I know, is that it is the home of John Burroughs. The West Shore Railroad has a station there, but the trains that stop are very few and far between. I reached West Park at half-past six in the morning. The station lies in a wide hollow a half-mile back from the river. There were several houses in sight, a bare, newly built church, and a primitive wooden store. In the east the sun shone clear and hot, the birds were singing in the trees, and from a wooded western hill came a strange humming sound, like the distant cawing of a colony of crows. This was the music of the seventeen-year locusts.

The station-master said that Mr. Burroughs always walked down for his mail by seven o'clock, and I went up the road and sat down on a rib of rock, in the shade of an elm, and waited for him.

Presently I saw approaching a man with a full white beard, who looked like a vigorous, elderly farmer. He had on neither coat nor vest, and his raiment, from his straw hat to his dusty shoes, had plainly had much experience with sun and weather. But he looked comfortable and independent enough to make fashion and conformity ashamed of themselves and envious. This was John Burroughs.

Mr. Burroughs's farm is a seventeen-acre square of hillside that slopes steeply back from the river to a roadway on the ridge. The stone house is hidden from the road by a little grove of evergreens. Beyond it are fruit-trees, and then the cultivated acres of currant-bushes and grape-vines. Half-way down the hill is a rustic study, and near it a little open-walled summer-house that overlooks the vineyard and the quiet river, with its steamers and tug-towed canal-boats and drifting sails. In the summer-house we spent most of the day, though there were some not unpleasant interruptions, as when we went to pick peas and cherries for dinner, or when Mr. Burroughs went to look after some barrels of fertilizer, or to give orders to his men. What he said was to me like the reading of a charming and varied book. He had at ready command the resources of a long life of thought and observation, and his expression was both pithy and picturesque, whatever the subject. I had heard that he was a farmer, and had supposed that it must be some sort of fancy farming, for recreation, not profit; but Mr. Burroughs said:

"No, I make it pay. I do it for the money that's in it. I walk among my vines, and I watch them and prune them and care for them. I don't do everything myself, but I see it done. The time I pitch in most seriously is when we are harvesting the grapes. Then there is a lot of work I do personally, besides having five men and three or four women to look after. I lose in weight about ten pounds a month at that season. My aim is to grow very fine fruit and choice kinds, and to market it early. My grapes are all gone and sold about the time the other people about here begin to cut. The result is that I get much the best price. Most people let the grass grow among their vines and mow it just before picking, but you see I keep the ground cultivated and stirred up all the time. I use Canada hard-wood ashes for fertilizer a good deal. In them you find all the elements ready for absorption. Stable manure is coarse. The ashes are vital and quick. They have more virtues than show up in any chemical analysis. Yet I find I can't use them too exclusively. They force a too rapid growth of the young canes, which get brittle and break off in the wind. I'm trying German slag meal now, which is very rich in phosphoric acid. It is made of waste from the furnaces, and looks like a deep-brown soot.

"We have just pulled the new shoots free from the wires. If we didn't, they would run too much to wood and the grapes would suffer. When you pull them off from the wires, they droop down and seem to stop to think. It checks them at once. The vines always set more fruit than they ought to, and this superabundance has to be cut off. When we do this, the ground in places will be fairly covered with the green clusters. Visitors say, 'What a shame, to cut off the fruit that way!' But pruning is the secret of success in grape-growing, or in literature. Prune, prune, prune! You've got to have the courage to cut out your pretty periods, or you're done for.

"I tried one vine last year to see what it would do without pruning. There were eighty clusters on it, and it was a question if it could ripen them all. Well, it did it, but it was slow. It netted forty-five pounds of grapes. Yet I made more from the vines that ripened twenty-five pounds early.

"Yes, fruit-growing is my chief source of income. I have several wealthy neighbors, and they grow fruit, too. They say they don't see how I make anything—they can't. But they don't have to. I tell them if they had to, they would, and there'd be an end of their complaining that everything cost them more to grow than the fruit would market for. I make it pay, and pay handsomely.

"I have to be a farmer—I never should be content otherwise. I come of a family that has always lived on the soil. Muscular labor brings its recompenses. You relish your sleep and your victuals. I have as much comfort in being tired as in anything else. Sometimes I will take a long walk just for the pleasure it'll be, when I get back, to sit down—it's such a luxury!

"There's a marsh-hawk. Don't you see it—far down the hill, near the trees along the shore? I think it has a nest somewhere not far off, or it wouldn't come so freely. It's the deadly enemy of the birds, and they know it. Everything skulks and opens its eyes when he comes around. How the birds will scream and abuse him, and follow him about! There's a king-bird after him now. King-birds are very saucy. You'll see them perch on the back of some of the biggest hawks we have and worry them. But the marsh-hawk can make a very quick upward turn in its flight and strike its talons so suddenly into a pursuer as to make it dangerous. The king-birds, and all the birds, seem to know the difference. They keep a respectful distance, and are ready to rush into a tree where he can't follow if he turns on them.

"Do you hear my wood-thrush? He begins every afternoon about four o'clock and sings until sundown. There he is—behind us on a twig of that tree-trunk. See how well he carries himself—what fine manners and breeding! I never knew a wood-thrush to steal fruit. They only take what is fallen to the ground—never pick it from the trees. He is the finest songster of our groves and fields—his song has such hymnlike qualities and is so perfectly sincere and melodious. The hermit-thrush has a still more beautiful song, but it is so secluded a bird that few of us ever hear it.

"If anything were to happen to my bird or its nest, it would stop its song, and I would know there was trouble instantly. There was another thrush in the early season that had a nest down by the shore. It had a most monotonous song, that was utterly lacking in the golden trill that this bird has. It kept harping on one string, and I thought to myself that if I lived under the hill that song would be intolerable, and I would have to take my gun and put a stop to it. One day the bird left off singing, and I didn't hear it again. Its nest had been robbed. But lately I have heard that same doleful harping down in

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the woods in the next field, and I know it must have started a new nest there.

"People have an idea that all birds of a kind sing alike, but in reality they differ just as people do. There is often a Tennyson or a Browning among them that has surpassing qualities in its song. Among orioles and wood-thrushes and bobolinks, and all the birds, there are master songsters. You can hear others, too, that are far below the average.

"I knew a bobolink once that was unfortunate that way. His voice was hoarse and broken. Yet he was just as proud of his song. He went through it with the same ecstasy, and ended it with the same air, as if he'd done something wonderful.

"A bobolink doesn't sing close by its nest, but always within earshot. In his song he is merely expressing the joy of home-making, his love for mate and little ones, his delight in nature—ah! the bobolink is a wonderful songster. Last May I went up to my old home in the Catskills. I wanted to go at that particular season to hear the bobolinks in the meadows where I knew them as a boy. There's no place equal to the Catskills for bobolinks. They have a more pleasing song there than in other parts of the country. There's a tinkling in the song as we hear it around here. It hasn't the resonance and copiousness of the songs on the high meadows of those hill-farms. I don't know why—it may be the air.

"All English birds have a quality of harshness in their songs, and, at the same time, of strength. Their skylark hasn't the melody of our bobolink, nor his rollicking, devil-may-care sort of manner. Yet the song of the skylark is such an expression of buoyancy, of hardy, virile, country strength—the utterance of a rapt poet! The bobolink isn't so serious—he acts a bit tipsy.

"There was a curious piece in the 'Evening Post' the other day about bobolinks. The writer said that to hear them at their best you wanted to sit on the haycocks in the fields on a summer evening. But by haying-time the bobolink has lost his earlier song of rivalry and happiness. He sings only in snatches, and he scolds. The article went on to tell how the old birds sang, and then added, 'and the young birds join in the chorus.' Well, that's rather ridiculous, for the young birds have a pip, and no song at all. Another thing this writer said was that I had said the bobolink was something like an English meadow-lark. But there's no such bird that I've ever heard of.

"We have a true skylark on the Catskill hills. His manner is exactly the same as that of the English skylark. He climbs up and up in a hovering ecstasy of flight till he soars three or four hundred feet in the air. But he has the rudest and most rudimentary song. He seems like a bird whose voice is almost shut off by a bad cold. It looks as if he'd just begun to sing. No doubt he will improve, for the law of evolution operates among birds just as it does in everything else. Bird-songs change. It's just the same as with our speech. Supposing we had no written language, two hundred years from now a person wouldn't be able to understand us. I've heard a robin with the song of a brown thrasher. The imitation was so perfect that I couldn't believe it was a robin till I saw the bird. I know a certain valley in the Catskills where the bobolinks have a song all their own. The bobolinks in that particular valley have added to their song a peculiar bell-like note. It seems to be the fad there. One of the birds was still different. He had a strain that didn't harmonize with the rest of his song. I don't think the others will take that up.

"I think the love of nature, as you and I have it, has to be acquired. Children love nature just as they do apples and cherries and sweets. They like to be under the trees and to follow along the brooks. Their enjoyment is not æsthetic or artistic; and it would be a mistake to try to develop such enjoyment in any set or mechanical way. There's a difference in children. Some never will have any marked feeling for nature, however long they live. It's like the religious instinct—it has to be inborn—some have it, and some don't.

"I have been asked to write school-books to help children to love nature, but I don't see my way to it. Stimulated as a feeling and a sentiment it's all right. But to give them a lot of facts, to make it a task—there's no good in that. I wouldn't even attempt to teach botany to children till they had an interest in the plants. I don't attempt to teach my boy flowers, birds, or anything else—as a task. If he asks me anything, or in some way has his interest aroused, I'm glad to help. I fish with him, I work with him, I walk with him. In an indirect way he picks up a great deal of knowledge, and he finds out things I don't know myself. Let children soak themselves in the atmosphere of nature. Don't stick it on the outside. Let them absorb it. What we want is the love of these things. If we have that, it deepens our enjoyment of life.

"I believe in going to nature at any time rather than to books. A while ago I visited a select school in New York City, and one of the teachers and I walked up in the Park with the boys. I helped them to identify the live birds we saw. That's always in order. That's the way the Greeks taught. They walked and talked. Afterwards we took the boys to the museum. You know there are a great many different kinds of woods shown there. We talked about those, and the boys asked me questions. One boy pointed out the fact that while some of the tree-sections showed remnants of old knots clear to the heart, others were free from them. Now, he knew that every tree must have had knots at some time all the way up the trunk, and that was a fair question. Then I explained how certain trees had the power of absorbing the knots. There's the pine and the hemlock—they sponge out their record. They climb and pull the ladder up after them.

"If you dump a lot of bare facts on a child, he comes away from school without any love of books or of nature. It's always been the crying want—teachers who will inspire. It always will be, I suppose. Children are taught in a mechanical way instead of a vital way. There are not enough teachers of enthusiasm.

"The way they teach literature in the colleges is calculated to kill any love for it that one may happen to have before he goes to them. It seems to me I would lose my love of Shakespeare if I had to dissect him, and find out the meaning of every word and expression. I want to ride buoyantly over the waves. I want to feel the wind and the motion—not talk about them. If I had to teach literature, I hardly know myself how I would do it. You can't by bearing on—you can't by mere intellectual force on a book show its charm. It appeals to the emotions. You've got to approach it in a different way. You must be fluid. All I should hope to do would be to give the student the key to the best literature. We would read books together. We would read good books and we would read poor books. I would say, 'Well, we won't talk: we'll read and see. Here's a poor book—don't you see? It's overdrawn—'tisn't delicate.' I would get at books in their sentiment and general character, not in their details. If you tear it all into bits, you haven't the thing itself any more.

"Not long ago a woman in the West sent me some manuscripts about birds and outdoor subjects. I gave one of them to my boy and asked him to read it. He went through it, and I asked him what he thought of it.

"'Well,' he said, 'she makes too much fuss. I like the real thing itself.'

"You see, unless we are quiet and simple, whether we teach or write, ideas are lost sight of, and you hear only the rattle of the words.

"One of the most charming things I see in the spring is the child going to school with its hands full of flowers. I always respond to that. Yet it isn't a clearly defined love for the beautiful that prompts the flower-gathering. There is only a vague feeling behind. If, when the child brings in the flowers, the teacher talks about them, and tells her scholars something about them, that is very nice.

"I've had once in a while to talk to the young women at their colleges, and I try to stimulate their interest in things as much as I can. I don't dump a lot of technicalities on them. I try to find out how closely they observe. For instance, I tell them about the dog-tooth violet. It's a kind of lily, and grows from a bulb six or

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eight inches down in the ground. "This bulb," I say, "starts on the ground's surface. How does it get down there where we find it? I think I know, but do you?" I give them a hint, and let them follow it up if they will. I let them teach themselves, and I let the work be done with love, not as a duty.

"After the indoor talk we go out for a walk. At one place we were to make an early start, and by four or five o'clock in the morning there were forty or fifty girls on my doorstep—a great pool of girls there, bound not to miss their walk. When I heard them whispering and moving about, out I came, and we started, they all crowding after and stepping on my heels all along, they were so anxious to hear everything I said. But that didn't matter—I had stout shoes on!

"The ear can be taught to discriminate among sounds, just as the sense of touch gives us varied impressions through our finger-tips. I think I do this discriminating unconsciously. If I hear a sound, it requires no effort to decide what it is—whether a bird-cry, song, or call, or the drone of some insect. Every sound has a meaning. You must be able to take a hint; that is the great secret of observing nature. You must see what is going on, and draw conclusions. I visited, some months ago, the grave of Phillips Brooks at Mount Auburn Cemetery, and while I was there I found a bird's nest right at the foot of his grave. The way I found it was this: I heard the cry of a bird in distress, and when I looked about I saw a little chickadee with food in its beak. That was hint enough. Then I looked again, and I saw an iron gate-post with a hole rusted just above a hinge, and inside was the nest.

"One day I went out for a walk with the girls of Wheaton Seminary. I would call their attention to the birds, their flight, habits, nests. We would analyze the notes we heard, and, from the medley of sounds that nature is full of, pick out such as we could recognize. In one wood I heard a rare bird, the solitary vireo, singing. He was up among the tree-tops, and there was a note of anxiety in his song. I knew he must have a nest somewhere near, and I said, 'Now we'll explore and see if we can find that nest.' It was like a cathedral there among the pines, cool and deep-shadowed. One of the girls found the nest. She was a country girl, and she had sharp eyes. It was on a drooping limb there in the dim aisles of the forest, and I reached up with a stick and pulled the limb down. The female was on the nest, and flew out only at the last moment. The nest was exquisitely beautiful, and after the girls had admired it I let the branch go back gently to its old position. The girls were full of enthusiasm over this exploit, and the more so because they had found a nest that I had not found before myself.

"Girls are always more responsive than boys in such ways. Boys think it is more manly to feel an interest in boats, gunning, and baseball. Girls are sharp-eyed; they have a certain delicacy that boys lack."

The Passion for Perfection

By Hamilton W. Mabie

It is one of the pains of the artistic temperament that its exaltations of mood and its ecstasies of spirit must be largely solitary. The air of this century is not genial to that intimacy with beauty which solicits easy interchange of confidences among those who enjoy it. The mass of men are preoccupied and unsensitive on that side of life which has for the artist the deepest reality; they are given over to pursuits which are imperative in their demands and fruitful in their rewards, but which lead far from the pursuit of beauty. There have been times when the artistic temper, if not widely shared, has been generally understood, and such times will come again when the modern world becomes more thoroughly harmonized with itself; meantime the man who has the joys of the artistic temperament will accept them as a sufficient consolation for its pains.

For the essence of this temperament is not so much its sensitiveness to every revelation of the beautiful as its passion for perfection. There is in the life of the artist an element of pain which in men of coarser mold never goes beyond a dumb sense of discontent: for the artist is compelled to live with his ideals. Other men have occasional glimpses of their ideals; the artist lives his life in their presence and under their searching glances. A man is in the way to become genuine and noble when his ideals draw near and make their home with him instead of floating before him like summer clouds, forever dissolving and reforming on the distant horizon; but he is also in the way of very real anguish of spirit. Our ideals, when we establish them under our own roofs, are as relentless as the Furies who thronged about Orestes; they will not let us rest. The world may applaud, but if they avert their faces, reputation is a mockery and success a degradation. The passion for perfection is the divinest possession of the soul, but it makes all lower gratifications, all compromises with the highest standards, impossible. The man whom it dominates can never taste the easy satisfactions which assuage the thirst of those who have it not; for him it must always be the best or nothing.

Flaubert, Mr. James tells us, ought always to be cited as one of the martyrs of the plastic idea; the "torment of style" was never eased in his case, and, despite his immense absorption and his tireless toil, he failed to touch the invisible goal for which he set out. "Possessed," says one of his critics, who is also a devotee of the supreme excellence, "of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and, when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony, still went on seeking another with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the unique word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: among all the expressions in the world there is but *one*—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say."

To a mind capable of absolute devotion, such an ideal as Flaubert set before him not only draws him on through laborious days, deaf to the voices of pleasure, but consumes him with an inward fire. The aim of the novelist was not simply to set the best words in the best order; it was to lay hold upon perfection—to touch those ultimate limits beyond which the human spirit cannot go, and where that spirit stands face to face with the absolute perfection. This passionate pursuit of the finalities of form and expression is as far removed from the pursuit of mere craftsmanship as art itself is separated from mere mechanical skill. And yet so little is the real significance of art understood among us that it is continually confused with craftsmanship, and spoken of as something apart from a man's self, something born of skill and akin to the mechanical, instead of being the very last and supreme outflowering of that within us which is spontaneous and inspired. In a fine burst of indignation at this profanation of one of the greatest words in human speech, Mr. Aldrich says:

> "Let art be all in all," one time I said,
> And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall:
> I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
> But art—a wider meaning. Worthless, dead—
> The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things—
> Mere words are, till the spirit lends them wings.
> The poet who breathes no soul into his lute
> Falls short of art: 'twere better he were mute.
>
> The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
> Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
> Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
> Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
> The statue's slumbers were unbroken still
> Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
> Disparage not the magic touch that gives
> The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!

Flaubert did not touch the goal in spite of his heroic toil, and largely because of that toil. For he sought too strenuously, with intention too insistent and dominant; he

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was driven by his passion instead of being inspired by it. It is as true of our relations with our ideals as of our relations with our friends, that we must preserve our independence; our ideals must lead, but they must not tyrannize over us. There is something in us which even our ideals must respect, and that something is our own individuality. The perfection which a man pursues must be the perfection of his own quality, not a perfection which is foreign to him. It is himself which he is to raise to the highest point of power, not something outside of himself. Flaubert understood this, for he once wrote: "In literature the best chance one has is by following one's temperament and exaggerating it." Nevertheless, one of the defects of his work is the fact that its perfection is not the perfection of his temperament; is, indeed, a kind of objective perfection which seems at times detached so entirely from temperament that it is hard and cold and devoid of atmosphere. To this detachment is due perhaps the failure to secure that ultimate excellence of which his whole life was one arduous pursuit. For Flaubert rarely passed beyond the stage of effort; his pen rarely caught that native rhythm which we detect in Scott and Thackeray and Tolstoï at their best; that perfect adequacy, manifested in perfect ease, which makes us forget the toil in the perfection of the work, and which assures us that the slow hand of the artisan has become the swift hand of the artist. Truly the way of perfection is strait and narrow, and few there be who follow it to the end!

Letters on the Referendum

By Charles B. Spahr

The question of direct legislation is being rapidly brought into the foreground. In England the agitation has just received a considerable impetus from the advocacy of the referendum in the campaign documents issued by the Conservative party with the approval of Lord Salisbury. In our own country the agitation has thus far been confined chiefly to the farm and labor organizations; yet their advocacy of direct legislation has become so much more strenuous during the last two years that the question has become one of practical politics. The fact that these organizations were the first to champion the Australian ballot, and that that system, once introduced in Massachusetts, spread rapidly over the entire country, makes its advocates hopeful of similar success in extending the Swiss reform. The indorsement of the People's party conventions the measure has had from the first; that of the Prohibition conventions it is now receiving in many parts of the country; while in Massachusetts, the birthplace of direct legislation in local affairs, its extension to State affairs was last year indorsed by both Republican and Democratic conventions. It is safe to say that no other political reform so far-reaching in its effects has developed strength with anything like the same rapidity throughout the English-speaking world.

The workings of the system in Switzerland have already been described in The Outlook's book-review columns.[1] Apparently there is no conflict in the testimony. Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, formerly English Minister to Switzerland, speaks almost as strongly of its success as does the Hon. Boyd Winchester, formerly our own Minister—or, indeed, as Mr. Sullivan, whose little book has stirred the American trades-unions into action. Sir Francis Adams's testimony may, therefore, be given as that of all dispassionate observers of Swiss politics. In brief, it is as follows:

> The referendum has struck root and expanded wherever it has been introduced, and no serious politician of any party would now think of attempting its abolition. The Conservatives, who violently opposed its introduction, became its earnest supporters when they found that it undoubtedly acted as a drag upon hasty and radical lawmaking. It has given back to the people of Switzerland rights originally possessed by them in most of the old cantons, but partly or wholly lost in the course of time. . . . A sufficient period has elapsed to allow the people of Switzerland to form an opinion of the working and results of the popular vote. As to the moral effect, we are assured that it is admitted to be salutary even by the adversaries of democratic government. The consciousness of individual influence as well as the national feeling is declared to have been strengthened. . . . The application of the referendum as worked in Switzerland and the issues raised by it are so easy to understand, and, in most cases at all events, are so independent of party maneuvers, that public opinion acquiesces at once in the result. Extreme measures, whether radical or reactionary, have no chance whatever of being accepted by the people, who, while in a manner fulfilling the functions of a second chamber, have infinitely more weight than any such body usually possesses, even if it be thoroughly representative and chosen by universal suffrage.

Such are substantially the views of all those who have studied the workings of direct legislation in the European republic which has now tried it for a generation, and which adopted it out of that same distrust of legislatures which Mr. Bryce finds so prominent a characteristic of our own political thought to-day. Knowing that the subject was to be brought before the New York Constitutional Convention, and wishing to ascertain the views of the members of that body respecting it, the editors of The Outlook addressed to each of them the following inquiries:

1. Do you believe in the Initiative and Referendum as a principle?
2. If so, how far do you believe the body of voters in this State are competent to make successful practical use of the Referendum?

The answers that were received have furnished very interesting reading, and I regret that the want of space prevents the publishing of more than a few extracts from them. It is evident that the advocates of the measure, whatever their chances in the New England and Western States, where direct legislation is already employed in township government, will have to conduct a prolonged agitation before their reform is accepted in New York. Hardly more than one letter in four is in favor of the reform. Some of the replies dismiss it with abrupt decisiveness. One of the delegates answers The Outlook's inquiry with the following comment upon the principle of direct legislation:

> Excellent for magazines, good for nothing anywhere else.

Singularly enough, still another delegate, in the course of a longer answer, made use of the very same phrase in condemning the referendum, and added the following:

> In fact, if I am to judge of the failure of our new-fangled system of voting, which has discouraged thousands of men from voting—and many of them the most intelligent, too—I doubt whether these plans would ever obtain recognition in this State.

Most of the unfavorable answers, however, were arguments worthy of serious consideration. The most frequent objection is that stated by one delegate as follows:

> The referendum is, in my opinion, proper in as it comes from a pure democracy—not in a representative government like ours. It is out of the question in New York State.

This objection, that the referendum is inconsistent with the representative form of government established by our ancestors, is an absolutely valid one. Our present government is not government by the people, but government by the representatives of the people. At the foundation of the Republic, as every one knows, the President was not elected by the people. Party platforms were often treated as unnecessary late into the present century. The people were not supposed to be capable of governing directly. They were supposed merely to be capable of electing representatives fit to govern them. It was half a century before the whole people were thought capable of doing even this. Chancellor Kent, of New York, thought that universal suffrage would obliterate property from the State. The legislators in those days had power to pass practically any law they saw fit. Constitutions limiting the powers of legislatures at nearly every point are of modern growth, and are the cause as well as the effect of

[1] Those interested in this phase of the question are referred to any one of the following volumes: "The Swiss Confederation," by Sir F. O. Adams and C. D. Cunningham (Macmillan & Co., New York; $1 75); "Direct Legislation," by J. W. Sullivan (Twentieth Century Company, New York; 75 cents); "State and Federal Government of Switzerland," by J. M. Vincent, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore; $1.50); "The Swiss Republic," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; $1.50).

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the low level to which our legislatures have fallen. If we wish to re-establish the government by representatives planned by the truly great founders of the Republic, we must reject the referendum, and retrace the steps of our political development during the last two generations. Sooner or later the referendum would be sure to reduce the work of legislators from that of lawgivers to that of attorneys who formulate laws for the public to decide upon. The responsibilities formerly resting upon legislatures, and now hopelessly divided between the legislatures and the people, would then rest solely upon the people, whose education would be the one effective form of political work.

One delegate, after deprecating the abandonment of representative government, makes the following telling point:

> I do not believe the body of voters in this State are competent to make successful practical use of the referendum. After an amendment to the Constitution has passed two Legislatures, and has been published in the weekly papers for weeks and perhaps months, I have often been asked by fair-minded and somewhat intelligent voters at the polls, what the amendment was about, and what was the necessity for it.

To this objection there is at present no complete answer. The advocates of the referendum, it is true, point, for example, to the nine constitutional amendments intelligently voted upon in California last year, and urge that even this was not a fair trial of the Swiss referendum, as no brief statement of the reasons for and against each amendment was printed with it. Yet all of them admit that before the people can even desire the compulsory referendum they must make trial of the optional referendum. Where one voter in twenty petitions for the submission of a law, it is considered pretty certain that the general public will have an opinion whether or not it was enacted in the public interest.

The other objections urged are less weighty. One delegate declares that the referendum will not work in a "heterogeneous" community like the State of New York. Yet in Switzerland the questions have to be submitted in French, German, and Italian, if not also in the Romansh language, in order to be read by all the voters. Another delegate urges that "to initiate the referendum plan would be to open the door to the wild vagaries so numerous nowadays." This objection would be a strong one were it not for the trial it has had. The last question submitted to the Swiss people was whether the State should guarantee the right to work. Fifty-odd thousand voters (or ten per cent.) petitioned for the submission of the question, but at the polls only eighty thousand supported it. It is somewhat amusing to those who mingle with our immigrant working people to hear the concern of the well-to-do classes concerning their radicalism. There are a few revolutionary Socialists among them who are apt to say "We the people," but the mass of the immigrants are, rightly or wrongly, on the questions of the currency, the tariff, the railroads, as much more conservative than our American-born farmers as they are upon the question of woman's suffrage or the question of prohibition.

The letters in favor of the referendum are few in number, and usually categorical statements that the writers believe in the principle of the referendum, and think that the body of the voters in this State are competent to care for their own interests, under any system by which the popular will can be fairly and deliberately expressed. One delegate declares himself in favor of both the initiative and the referendum, but recommends that the latter be tried first. This is the historical order in Switzerland, and the logical order anywhere. Another delegate qualifies his indorsement as follows:

> I believe in the initiative and referendum. I think, however, that were the referendum to unduly multiply elections, there is danger that its effect might prove pernicious in the extreme.
>
> As to your second question, I have no doubt as to the competency of the voters of the State to make successful practical use of the referendum. If my belief is wrong, then our entire mode of Constitutional amendment is wrong. If the voters are competent to use the referendum as to the fundamental law of the State, they are equally competent to use it properly as to any other law.

The danger of too many elections has been avoided in Switzerland, even in the cantons where the Constitution now requires every law of importance to be submitted to the voters. In Zurich, for example, there are but two elections a year. The correspondent's argument that, if the voters are competent to pass upon Constitutional amendments, they are competent to pass upon laws, seems unanswerable. Indeed, such is the present distrust of legislatures that the old distinction between Constitutional amendments and laws is rapidly being obliterated; and conservatives are helping along this change almost as much as radicals. Even the present Constitutional Assembly in New York, which refuses even to permit the Legislature to submit laws to the people, and refuses to refer the question of license or no-license to the voters of the communities concerned, is nevertheless denying to legislatures the power to pass sectarian appropriations, and is slightly limiting its power in a hundred different directions. Government by the referendum is thus irresistibly taking the place of government by legislatures. To what extent it will be best in the long run depends less upon the laws enacted than upon the education of the public which it secures.

The Silent Sisters

By I. Zangwill

They had quarreled in girlhood, and mutually declared their intention never to speak to each other again, wetting and drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation; and while they lived on the paternal farm they kept their foolish oath with the stubbornness of a slow country stock, despite the alternate coaxing and chastisement of their parents, notwithstanding the perpetual every-day contact of their lives, through every vicissitude of season and weather, of sowing and reaping, of sun and shade, of joy and sorrow. Death and misfortune did not reconcile them, and when their father died, and the old farm was sold up, they traveled to London in the same silence, by the same train, in search of similar situations. Service separated them for years, though there was only a stone's throw between them. They often stared at each other in the streets. Honor, the elder, married a local artisan, and two and a half years later Mercy, the younger, married a fellow-workman of Jane's husband. The two husbands were friends, and often visited each other's houses, which were on opposite sides of the same sordid street, and the wives made them welcome. Neither Honor nor Mercy suffered an allusion to the breach; it was understood that their silence must be received in silence. Each of the sisters had a quiverful of children, who played and quarreled together in the streets and in one another's houses, but not even the street affrays and mutual grievances of the children could provoke the mothers to words. They stood at their doors in impotent fury, almost bursting with the torture of keeping their mouths shut against the effervescence of angry speech. When either lost a child, the other watched the funeral from her window, dumb as the mutes.

The years rolled on, and still the river of silence flowed between their lives. Their good looks faded; the burden of life and of child-bearing was heavy upon them. Gray hairs streaked their brown tresses, then brown hairs streaked their gray tresses. The puckers of age replaced the dimples of youth. The years rolled on, and Death grew busy among the families. Honor's husband died, and Mercy lost a son, who died a week after his wife. Cholera took several of the younger children. But the sisters themselves lived on, bent and shriveled by toil and sorrow even more than by the slow frost of the years.

Then one day Mercy took to her death-bed. An internal disease, too long neglected, would carry her off within a week. So the doctor told Jim, Mercy's husband.

Through him the news traveled to Honor's eldest son, who still lived with her. By the evening it reached Honor.

She went upstairs abruptly when he told her, leaving

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him wondering at her stony aspect. When she came down she was bonneted and shawled. He was filled with joyous amaze to see her hobble across the street, and, for the first time in her life, pass over her sister Mercy's threshold.

As Honor entered the sick-room, with pursed lips, a light leapt into the wasted, wrinkled countenance of the dying creature. She raised herself slightly in bed, her lips parted, then shut tightly, and her face darkened.

Honor turned angrily to Mercy's husband, who hung about impotently. "Why did you let her run down so low?" she said. "I didn't know," the old man stammered, taken back by her presence even more than by her question. "She was always a woman to say nothin'."

Honor put him impatiently aside and examined the medicine-bottle on the bedside table.

"Isn't it time she took her dose?"

"I dessay."

Honor snorted wrathfully. "What's the use of a man?" she inquired as she carefully measured out the fluid and put it to her sister's lips, which opened to receive it and then closed tightly again.

"How is your wife feelin' now?" Honor asked after a pause.

"How are you now, Mercy?" asked the old man, awkwardly. The old woman shook her head. "I'm a-goin' fast, Jim," she grumbled weakly, and a tear of self-pity trickled down her parchment cheek.

"What rubbidge she do talk!" cried Honor, sharply. "Why d'ye stand there like a tailor's dummy? Why don't you tell her to cheer up?"

"Cheer up, Mercy!" quavered the old man hoarsely.

But Mercy groaned instead, and turned fretfully on her other side with her face to the wall.

"I'm too old, I'm too old," she moaned. "This is the end o' me."

"Did you ever hear the like?" Honor asked Jim angrily, as she smoothed his wife's pillow. "She was always conceited about her age, settin' herself up as the equals of her elders; and here am I, her elder sister, as carried her in my arms when I was five and she was two, still hale and strong, and with no mind for underground for many a long day. Nigh three times her age I was once, mind you, and now she has the imperence to talk of dyin' before me."

She took off her bonnet and shawl. "Send one o' the kids to tell my boy I'm stayin' here," she said. "And then just you get 'em all to bed—there's too much noise about the house."

The children, who were orphaned grandchildren of the dying woman, were sent to bed, and then Jim himself was packed off to refresh himself for the next day's labors, for the poor old fellow still doddered about the workshop.

The silence of the sick-room spread over the whole house. About ten o'clock the doctor came again and instructed Honor how to alleviate the patient's last hours. All night long she sat watching her dying sister, hand and eye alert to anticipate every wish. No word broke the awful stillness.

The first thing in the morning, Mercy's married daughter, the only child of hers living in London, arrived to nurse her mother. But Honor indignantly refused to be dispossessed.

"A nice daughter *you* are," she said, "to leave your mother lay a day and a night without a sight o' your ugly face."

"I had to look after the good man and the little 'uns," the daughter pleaded.

"Then what do you mean by desertin' them now?" the irate old woman retorted. "First you deserts your mother, and then your husband and children. You just go back to them as needs your care. I carried your mother in my arms before you was born, and if she wants anybody else now to look after her, let her just tell me so and I'll be off in a brace o' shakes."

She looked defiantly at the yellow, dried-up creature in the bed. Mercy's withered lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Jim, strung up by the situation, took the word. "You can't do no good up here, the doctor says. You might look after the kids downstairs a bit when you can spare an hour; and I've got to go to the shop. I'll send you a telegraph if there's a change," he whispered to the daughter; and she, not wholly discontented to return to her living interests, kissed her mother, lingered a little, and then stole quietly away.

All that day the old women remained together in solemn silence, broken only by the doctor's visit. He reported that Mercy might last a couple of days more. In the evening Jim replaced his sister-in-law, who slept perforce. At midnight she awoke and sent him to bed. The sufferer tossed about restlessly. At half-past two she awoke, and Honor fed her with some broth as she would have fed a baby. Mercy, indeed, looked scarcely bigger than an infant, and Honor had the advantage of her only by being puffed out with clothes. A church clock in the distance struck three. Then the silence fell deeper. The watcher drowsed. The lamp flickered, tossing her shadow about the walls as if she, too, were turning feverishly from side to side. A strange ticking made itself heard in the wainscoting. Mercy sat up with a scream of terror. "J-im," she shrieked; "Jim!"

Honor started up, opened her mouth to cry "Hush!" then checked herself, suddenly frozen.

"Jim," cried the dying creature, "listen! Is that the death-spider?"

Honor listened, her blood curdling. Then she went towards the door and opened it. "Jim," she said in low tones, speaking towards the landing; "tell her it's nothin'; it's only a mouse. She was always a nervous little thing." And she closed the door softly, and, pressing her trembling sister tenderly back on the pillow, tucked her up snugly in the blanket.

Next morning, when Jim was really present, the patient begged pathetically to have a grandchild with her in the room, day and night. "Don't leave me alone again," she quavered; "don't leave me alone, with not a soul to talk to." Honor winced, but said nothing.

The youngest child, who did not have to go to school, was brought—a pretty little boy with brown curls, which the sun, streaming through the panes, turned to gold. The morning passed slowly. About noon Mercy took the child's hand and smoothed his curls.

"My sister Honor had golden curls like that," she whispered.

"They were in the family, Bobby," Honor answered; "your granny had them, too, when she was a girl."

There was a long pause. Mercy's eyes were half-glazed, but her vision was inward now.

"The mignonette will be growin' in the meadows, Bobby," she murmured.

"Yes, and the heart's-ease," said Honor, softly. "We lived in the country, you know, Bobby."

"There is flowers in the country," Bobby declared, gravely.

"Yes, and trees," said Honor. "I wonder if your granny remembers when we were larrupped for stealin' apples?"

"Ay, that I do, Bobby, he, he!" croaked the dying creature, with a burst of enthusiasm. "We was a pair o' tomboys. The varmer he ran after us, cryin' 'Ye! Ye!' but we wouldn't take no gar. He, he, he!"

Honor wept at the laughter. The native idiom, unheard for half a century, made her face shine under the tears. "Don't let your granny excite herself, Bobby. Let me give her her drink." She moved the boy aside, and Mercy's lips automatically opened to the draught.

"Tom was wi' us, Bobby," she gurgled, still vibrating with amusement, "and he tumbled over on the heather, he, he!"

"Tom is dead this forty year, Bobby," whimpered Honor.

Mercy's head fell back, and an expression of supreme exhaustion came over the face. Half an hour passed. Bobby was called down to dinner. The doctor had been sent for. Suddenly Mercy sat up with a jerk.

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"It be growin' dark, Tom," she said, hoarsely; "bain't it time to call the cattle home from the ma'shes?"

"She's talkin' rubbidge again," said Honor, chokingly. "Tell her she's in London, Bobby."

A wave of intelligence traversed the sallow face. Still sitting up, Mercy bent towards the side of the bed. "Ah, is Honor still there? Kiss me—Bobby." Her hands groped blindly. Honor bent down, and the old women's withered lips met.

And in that kiss Mercy passed away into the greater Silence.

The Spectator

The Spectator thinks he knows what to do in the preliminary education of his boys, since he feels that his own college is good enough for them, and the matter has been settled in his own mind, ever since they were big enough to toddle, that they should go there, after proper preparation, so that they might get a good deal of nonsense knocked out of them and acquire useful information and some accomplishments in its stead. But in regard to his daughter he has been sorely perplexed, and this perplexity has deepened this summer, for she has now outgrown her country school, and needs the attention of more accomplished teachers than she has hitherto had. This matter the Spectator has to settle for himself, and he has recently added to the embarrassments of the emergency. He said to his stenographer, handing her a magazine in which there were many advertisements of schools for girls, "Please write and ask some of these schools to send their circulars." The Spectator's stenographer is a very thorough young woman, so she wrote to every advertiser, and in a little while the Spectator's box at the post-office was all too small to hold his mail, which consisted, in the main, of prospectuses of schools for girls. In two weeks' time these descriptive and illustrated catalogues filled a large basket, and the Spectator looked at the accumulation with horror. It would be very unfair, he said to himself, after putting these educators to the trouble of sending this printed matter, not to examine it; and so the decks were cleared—the Spectator's decks consist of two large, flat-topped writing-tables—for an action against the school catalogues. Two long days were given up to the work—two dreary days of drudgery—and after it was over the Spectator did not appear to be much nearer the solution of the problem of where to send his daughter to school than he was in the beginning.

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But the Spectator has learned a great deal about school prospectuses. He has learned, for instance, that the writers, in the preparation of them, always laid themselves out to do very fine writing indeed. And he has learned that this serious and laborious effort usually resulted in high-flown platitudes of which the average sophomore would be ashamed. Here is what is declared to be the aim of one school which is called by the principal "a college-preparatory school for girls:"

> Believing that character-building is education in its highest sense, and is the threefold development of mental, moral, and physical powers, we shall make it the aim of the instruction and management of the School to arouse and develop these powers in our pupils.

Now, the Spectator could not quarrel with this statement of belief, but he felt very sure that he was not going to intrust his daughter to the managers of that establishment. And in coming to several such negative conclusions it may be that the Spectator did not entirely waste the two days that his conscience compelled him to spend with the school catalogues. Not only are the platitudes in these school advertisements turgidly expressed, but in very many instances the English is inexcusably bad. The personal pronouns baffle nearly all of the writers, and they skip from the singular "her" to the plural "them" with entire freedom. But the teachers should not be blamed too severely, when a very distinguished clergyman in New York gives to one of them this recommendation: "Her methods of instruction are calculated to bring out the best powers of the pupil, and inspire them with a love for knowledge for its own sake."

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It would be an admirable exercise if these advertisements were put into the hands of students of English grammar, and the students requested to reduce them to plain and fair English. If such things were done in the schools, the principals could issue next year much shorter prospectuses, and save some money on the printer's charges. And, more than that, the advertisements would be much more attractive to sensible parents looking for proper educational establishments. But it has probably come to be a trick of the trade to speak with grandiloquence and promise more than mortals can perform. The Spectator received the advertisements of not less than twenty schools in New York City. Each one of them had the very best location of any private school in the metropolis, and yet the buildings were scattered all over town from Union Square to Harlem. It would be easier to select a school, the Spectator thinks, if there were only one advertisement to examine. But in looking at a miscellaneous lot of them the Spectator has learned why ladies, in writing letters and articles, underscore so frequently. They are taught at school that when a statement is meant to carry any weight that fact must be indicated to the reader by underscoring. At least it is only fair to conclude that such instruction must be given, for out of more than one hundred catalogues examined there was not one that was not defaced by the employment of italics. And it was not unusual to find every page, and in some cases every paragraph, sprinkled with this emphatic type. The Spectator, while engaged with the catalogues, mentioned the nature of his employment, and its result, to a friend, who was not at all surprised at what he was told. "The conventional bad English in the letters of the average American women of the educated class is due," said this friend, "to the fact that they are not taught in their girlhood and while at school to know good English from bad. Why," said he, "how could they learn? Their teachers did not know; and the teachers of to-day don't know any better than did their predecessors of twenty years ago." The Spectator was not prepared to admit that the average woman of what we call the educated class did write incorrect English, though in his experience as an editor he recalls the proneness of women correspondents to let participles do the work of verbs. And speaking of women correspondents recalls the fact that several of the schools employ "gentlemen professors," while one of them is fortunate in having a "lady matron"!

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In these circulars some of the school managers laid particular stress upon the fact that they were well born and of high lineage. The Spectator does not underrate the importance of this as a recommendation, though he is quite sure that gentility of breeding is something to be taken for granted, rather than advertised as a salable commodity. But whatever may be the shortcomings of these prospectuses, or of the schools themselves, it is tolerably certain that all of them are conducted with good intentions, and in some regards with better results than any of the colleges for men in the land. For instance, the Spectator, even though he chose a school at random from the announcements in the "Century" or The Outlook or the "Forum," would never have any fear that his daughter would return for her first vacation and conduct herself as two lads from college did the other night in the Spectator's village. These lads had just finished their freshman year. They were clean-cut, fresh, manly-looking boys, and sons of men of education and high social position. And yet these lads spent the night parading the village streets singing college songs out of tune, and now and then yelling like Comanche Indians. To requests that they stop their noise and go home, so that tired people might sleep in peace, they answered with a ribald vulgarity meant to be witty, but not really worthy of a "hoodlum" from the slums of Cherry Street. Now, these lads would, a year or so ago, have blushed to have thought of doing such things, and when a few more years have passed they will blush to recall them. It was at college that they learned such ruffianly tricks and acquired such a low taste in fun. Now, no girls' school or college in the country will ever have such an ill effect on any of the gentle little ladies who go to them, and therefore the Spectator is persuaded that, in this one regard at least, the girls are better off than the boys, and the girls' schools better conducted.

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The Home

The Soul's Possession

Waked a lone voyager
To voices touched with love and mirth:
"Rejoice! Thou art in Heaven!"
"Nay, whence I came was Heaven,—
I came but now from Earth!'

Waked a lone voyager
To voices on the mournful blast:
"Thou comest to the Torment!"
"Nay, whence I came was Torment,—
My lot on Earth was cast!"

—*Edith Thomas, in The Atlantic Monthly.*

The profound truth in the above lines cannot fail to arouse at least a moment's thought in the most careless. Happiness is the goal for which we all struggle. What it means depends upon each one's interpretation of it. To one it is the pleasure of the palate; to another, of the intellect; to another it is social prominence; to another, fame; to another, self-sacrifice; to another it is the giving of money. We all see it as a thing outside of ourselves, and search for that which is in our possession.

The capacity for happiness and its attainment form the measure of each man's soul. No environment will secure it; no condition outside of the man will bring it into his life. It is the chord that responds to the touch of the life each man must live. There are ears that hear music only in the minor keys. Others respond with pleasure only to the major keys. The musician finds in each a music that thrills his soul, and their combination is necessary to the perfection of the music. So happiness is not a thing of laughter, neither of tears, but of the soul. Only as we feel spiritually are we capable of happiness, and then heaven is about us, even beyond infancy, and hell loses its terror, for the kingdom of God is within us.

Barnard College[1]

By One of the Trustees

Barnard College is a college for women in close affiliation with Columbia College in the city of New York. Barnard is a college of the same type as Newnham and Girton Colleges in Cambridge, England; that is to say, it depends for its opportunities upon the facilities which it is able to obtain from the college with which it is affiliated. The Harvard Annex, recently become Radcliffe College, is another illustration of the same type, though Barnard has had an advantage over the Harvard Annex, which it still retains over Radcliffe College, in that the graduates of Barnard College receive the degree of the college with which it is affiliated. In this respect Barnard College has the advantage also of the affiliated colleges for women at Cambridge, England; for the University of Cambridge, while throwing open its lectures with a free hand to the students of Newnham and Girton, does not permit its degree to be conferred upon women.

So far as the reward of their work is concerned, therefore, it is clear that the students of Barnard have all that they can desire—the prospect of securing one of the historic American degrees. It is also to be stated that this degree is carefully guarded by the college which bestows it—that is, Columbia College. To this end Barnard College accepts the curriculum of Columbia in its entirety. With few exceptions, in the three lower years Barnard College is able to offer identical instruction. In the fourth year the range of opportunity open to the students of Barnard is much smaller than that of which the students of Columbia may avail, but within its range Barnard offers to its students identical privileges with Columbia. By identical is meant instruction on the same theme by the same instructor. This being the character of the instruction, it remains to be said that Columbia College conducts the examinations and marks the examination-books. These books are passed upon by the same professors or committees which perform the like service for Columbia. Barnard College makes no appointments upon its teaching staff except with the consent of the President of Columbia. In other words, Columbia College both determines the curriculum of Barnard College and makes itself responsible for the standard of attainment on the part of the student of Barnard. Educationally speaking, therefore, Barnard is Columbia College in its relation to the higher education of women.

While Columbia thus assumes the educational control of Barnard College, and, because it does so, grants to the students of Barnard its own degree, there are some very real advantages accruing to the students of Barnard from the fact that Barnard College is an independent corporation under the control of its own trustees. The careful oversight of the young women is thus committed to a body having no other responsibility to discharge. It remains for them to see that the material conditions of life at Barnard are everything that they ought to be. All questions relating to the choice of electives, and the multitude of other questions arising in connection with the daily life of students, fall within the province of Barnard itself. Thus the scheme of an affiliated college is a thoroughly practical one. If Columbia is in effect the educational authority, Barnard meets for itself all that other class of questions which spring from the personality of its students. It ought to be added that the library privileges of the students of Barnard are as good as those of the students of Columbia. The Barnard students also share all privileges of public lectures and many other privileges incidental to their close relation to a strong university.

The first class which entered Barnard, five years ago, numbered nine students. The present entering class is likely to be about thirty-five in number. These students also are all of them candidates for the degree. The Trustees of Barnard College have uniformly set themselves against special students until the college shall be so established in its reputation as to justify it in being less insistent upon this point. Special students are taken at Barnard in chemistry and botany, for the reason that there are no other laboratory facilities open to women students in the city of New York in these two subjects. Except in these two studies, however, Barnard College has no special students. The very gratifying result of this policy has been to encourage the girls' schools in New York City to extend their curriculum so as to be able to fit students to enter Barnard College. When Barnard was opened, very few girls' schools in New York were competent to equip a girl to pass the entrance examinations. Now there are many such schools in the city. This is one distinct service that Barnard College has already rendered to the education of girls in the city of New York.

Barnard College is the outcome of a movement which began about twelve years ago, to induce the Trustees of Columbia College to permit women to attend all of their lectures. The Trustees of Columbia College declined to permit the co-education which was then asked for, but they have lent their influence in every way to the development of Barnard as a separate woman's college. At Columbia College the senior year is a year of meeting between the college and the university, so that in the senior year the students of Barnard are obliged to take some of their courses at Columbia. In the earlier years of the course all instruction is given at Barnard itself. Sixty or more courses under the Faculty of Philosophy of Columbia College, including many courses in the different languages, are open to the students of Barnard. The managers of Barnard are hopeful that the course of events at Columbia will be precisely what it has been in England and elsewhere in America—that is to say, that, as time wears on, more and more advanced courses will be thrown

[1] Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, July 28, August 4, August 18, and September 1, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, and Mount Holyoke, respectively.

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open to the students of Barnard. In the meanwhile, few, if any, of the women's colleges can offer so large a range of opportunity as Barnard already offers, and only those colleges which are in close affiliation with large universities can expect to develop as Barnard may reasonably hope to do. This leads one to a consideration of the special opportunity that Barnard enjoys through its location in the city of New York. Within a radius of thirty miles of the New York City Hall there already lives a population of three millions of people. Out of so great a multitude there are naturally many young women who could not secure college privileges at all if they were obliged to go to a distance for them, and there are many others who prefer to get their college education while at home. Some people believe that it is a great deal better for a young woman to get her college training in connection with her normal life at home than to make her whole college experience a thing apart, by getting it away from home under conditions that are never duplicated in after life. Barnard, at least, may reasonably hope to contribute to the educated women of the country a type that in this respect is somewhat new. There are doubtless difficulties connected with serious study amid all the demands which home life makes upon a young woman, whether she moves in what is known as "society" or not. On the other hand, the home itself contributes many of the best elements of education, and it remains to be seen whether the combination of home life with college privileges does not commend itself to many parents. Should Barnard at any time determine to erect dormitories, it is not unlikely that young women would be sent to New York for their college education, where young men would not be apt to be sent. A young woman's life, from the very nature of the case, is much more protected than that of a young man, therefore there would not be likely to be the same objection to sending a young woman to college in New York City from outside that there might be in the case of young men. On the other hand, the opportunities which the city offers in addition to those directly involved in the college course are very attractive. In New York the best music can be heard, the best paintings seen. Many special privileges, by the way, which enable the qualified student to use the great collections of these museums for purposes of research, are already made real to the students of Columbia by its arrangement with the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History, and in these privileges the students of Barnard College may hope to share. They also profit by the agreement between Columbia College and the Teachers' College, formerly known as the College for the Training of Teachers, whereby all the schools of the Teachers' College are thrown open to the students of Columbia and of Barnard for observation and practice, as well as the technical courses of instruction to teachers. But, quite apart from these special opportunities, the city of New York is full of privileges not easily to be had in other places. Barnard College, therefore, anticipates a constant and steady growth. It believes that the growth already achieved from an entering class of nine to an entering class of thirty-five, within the short space of five years, is a prophecy of what may reasonably be expected in the future. It is already demonstrated that Barnard meets a real need. It is the aim and ambition of Barnard to meet that need so well, and to make such good use of its opportunities in the metropolitan city, as to be one day worthy of the city in which its work is done, and of the historic college with which it is so closely affiliated.

The Pessimist and the Optimist

The chronic grumbler is like a fog; he must be endured. His value lies wholly in the discipline that results from association with him. Rarely is he met with wit like that which caused an old woman such deep offense as to make her, as she afterward expressed it, "keep her troubles to herself." A young woman called on this old lady, who often declared that she was tired of the former's tyranny. The little acts of kindness and courtesy were received with the manner that says distinctly, "I'm a poor forlorn thing that you notice in pity; I accept, but if I had my just dues I would be in your position as giver, and you in mine of receiver."

This morning the gay, cheerful voice greeted the grumbler with, "How are you this morning?"

"I'm enjoying very poor health, Miss Smith."

"That's nice; enjoyment is what we are after," was the response, in very gay tones. She was never forgiven. The gift of cheerfulness, of hopefulness, is one of the richest gifts given to man, and it ought to be more carefully cultivated. The Boston "Budget" tells the following story which illustrates how independent of environment these qualities make every man:

Terence Murphy was such a good carpenter that he was rarely without employment. Moreover, he was so thoroughly good-natured and so invariably ready to make the best of his occasional misfortunes that his fellow-workmen declared him the most popular man in the trade.

One Saturday, toward the tired end of the day, Terence was shingling the roof of a new house. Suddenly his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. As the house was low, the fall was not long, yet he lay so motionless that the other men ran to him quickly, believing that the worst had happened. Just as they reached him he opened his eyes and grinned.

"Are you much hurt, my boy?" asked one of the men, tenderly.

Terence grunted.

"That was a bad fall, Terence."

The unfortunate fellow drew a breath.

"Och, niver moind," he said. "Oi was coming down after nails, anyway."

How to Can and Preserve Fruit

By Florence May Ferguson

PEARS

Canned.—Cut in halves, core, and peel; do not remove the stems—scrape off the skin. After weighing, wash in cold water. Allow half a pound of granulated sugar and one pint of water to two pounds of pears. Boil until tender. Have the jars thoroughly heated, place the pears in carefully, one at a time, until the jar is nearly filled, then fill to overflowing with juice, and seal quickly.

Preserved.—Prepare the pears as for canning. Allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, half of a lemon, and half an ounce of green ginger to one pound of pears. Allow half a pint of water to each pound of sugar; boil and skim the syrup. Then put in the pears and sliced ginger, and boil slowly for about two hours, or until the pears are tender. Slice the lemons, remove the seeds, cook in water enough to just cover them, and add to the preserves about fifteen minutes before they are ready to put into the jars. As the pears get tender—some grow tender quicker than others—put them into the jars, and pour the syrup over them, but do not seal until the preserve is cold.

Pickled.—Use ripe Seckel pears. Peel, but do not remove the stems—scrape the skin off. Allow four pounds of granulated sugar, one quart of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one of ground cloves, to seven pounds of pears. Mix the spices together and tie up in four or five little bags made of thin muslin. Place the sugar, spices, and vinegar in a kettle, and let them come to a boil. Then put in a layer of pears and cook until soft enough to run a fork through; skim the syrup while boiling; remove the pears and put in another layer. When all the pears have been cooked, pour the syrup over them. If put into a stone jar, a small plate or some weight should be used to keep the pears under the syrup; but they keep best in glass jars, sealed. Put one bag of spices in each quart jar.

PLUMS

Canned.—Weigh and wash. Allow one pound of granulated sugar and a half-pint of water to two pounds of plums. Put the sugar and plums into the kettle in alternate layers, and gradually heat through on back part of stove; when heated through, let them boil ten minutes. Seal as other canned fruit. This recipe is good for any kind of tart plums except the greengages; for those use half the quantity of sugar.

Preserved.—Weigh and wash the plums. Allow one pound of granulated sugar to one pound of plums. Put the sugar and plums into the kettle in alternate layers and let them stand over night. In the morning add one cup of water; after heating through slowly, let them boil slowly until the syrup thickens when cooled. Test it, after cooking an hour, by cooling a little in a

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cup. Put into heated jars, but do not seal until cold. For preserving, use the small damson plums.

YELLOW TOMATOES

Canned.—Use only the hard, ripe yellow tomatoes. Weigh and wash. Allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, half an ounce of green ginger, and half a lemon, to one pound of tomatoes. Prick each tomato with a fork, put the sugar and tomatoes into the kettle in alternate layers and let them stand over night. In the morning let them come to a boil and then set aside for another night. Slice the lemons, remove all the seeds, and cook in water enough to just cover them. Put the sliced ginger in with the tomatoes the second morning, boil gently, and skim. When the tomatoes are cooked through, take them out. Pour the sliced lemons into the syrup, and boil down until it thickens when cooled. Put the tomatoes into the boiling syrup again for a few minutes, and then fill up the jars to overflowing and seal quickly.

Preserved.—Weigh and wash. Allow one pound of light-brown sugar, one small lemon, and a half-ounce of white stick ginger, to one pound of tomatoes. Slice the lemons, remove all the seeds, and cook in water enough to just cover them in a small kettle by themselves. Scald and peel the tomatoes. Put water enough with the sugar to dissolve it, and when it is boiling remove the scum, and add the tomatoes and ginger. Cook slowly for about two hours, adding the cooked lemons when the preserve is half done. Put into heated jars, but do not seal until it is cold.

The Vacation Fund

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged,	$4,055 13
R. P. and C. P., Maine	5 00
E., Ellenville, N. Y.	1 00
H	1 00
From a Friend, Amherst, Mass	10 00
For Eleanor A. F. C., Montclair, N. J.	3 00
A. L. S., Waverly, N. Y.	5 00
M. E. B. and S. S., Norfolk, Conn.	3 00
Mrs. B. F. M., Newport, Vt.	10 00
A Thank-offering for Many Friends	5 00
Total	$4,098 13

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

A National Flower Mission

The distribution of flowers marked the first step in the discovery that the poor man had other wants than those of hunger and nakedness. Since that discovery, through every week of the year, these beautiful messengers have found their way into the landless home of the poor man, giving as much pleasure to the well as the sick, and often proving an inspiration to those whose lives know love but not beauty.

The difficulties of flower mission work have been many, and hard to overcome. On the one side it was difficult to get the frail messengers to their destination in good condition, and there are always the difficulties of collection and distribution. It is now proposed to organize local flower missions as branches of the National Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild. Each village or town is to have its own President, Vice-President, Secretary, and collectors. The collector or collectors will visit once or twice a week, or daily, as may be agreed, those who agree to give five bunches of five flowers each. The flowers are to be packed at once ready for distribution, and thus delivered with less handling and in quicker time than if shipped in bulk to be sorted at central rooms and again packed for distribution. Each basket is to be labeled for its destination, and to bear the name and address of the collector. It will be necessary that those sending by one collector should allow their flowers to be delivered at one place. Suggestions as to packing, and as to methods of organizing the work, can be obtained at the Altruist Interchange, 10 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

The story is told that three ladies entered a church recently and asked the usher to put them in a pew where they could sit alone, explaining that they did not want their sleeves crushed.

The Old Clam-House

By W. Bert Foster

In Two Parts—II.

The stout ash oars bent as we put forth all our remaining strength. Stroke followed stroke, and at last the nose of the boat scraped against one of the piles. I dropped my oars, and, putting out my hand, quickly seized the edge of the narrow platform on the shoreward side of the building, and hung on for dear life.

Ferd came at once to my assistance, mounting to the platform with the painter in his hand and fastening it securely to a ring in one of the timbers. I clambered out after him and went to the door, which was the only available entrance to the place, the windows all being on the sides and outer end, and too high to reach from the boat.

But the door was fastened securely, and after a minute's fruitless pounding we were assured that it was far too stout for us to break it down. The structure had been originally intended for a club-house, in which clam dinners were served to the members during the summer months. But it had been years since it had been used for that, or, to our knowledge, for any other purpose.

It was fully half a mile from the shore, and, having been neglected for so many years, it was fast going to ruin. Ferd made this discovery himself by almost falling through a hole in the platform into the water beneath. If he had, he would hardly have been wetter, however.

"By gracious! I won't stand this," he declared, in disgust. "Let's get back into the boat and pull in underneath the house. Then we shall be sheltered from the rain at least. We can tie up to one of the supports just as well."

I agreed with celerity, and in a few moments we were paddling about in the comparatively still water beneath the flooring of the clam-house. While I was fastening the painter to a pile, Ferd made a discovery.

"See here!" he cried, fumbling about between the joists above his head, "here's a loose board."

The next moment he had pushed back the plank and was crawling through into the room above.

"Come on up here, Jeff," he said, and I hastily finished fastening the boat and obeyed.

The clam-house was more than twenty feet wide and nearly twice that in length. There was a low partition at one end which had separated the culinary department from the dining-room in the old club days.

The latter apartment was littered with broken stools, and a number of long boards were packed up at one side, having formerly been used as tables. There were wooden horses and other litter as well, and over all was a thick layer of dirt.

But it was dry and sheltered, and we were grateful for our refuge. In fact, we should rather have enjoyed our adventure if it hadn't been that we knew our folks were worrying over our absence. It was past eight o'clock now, and we were long overdue. Our hunger assured us of the time.

After perhaps half an hour the rain ceased.

"We'd better have another try at it, Jeff," my chum suggested when we had assured ourselves of this fact. "If it wasn't for the folks I'd stay all night, or until the tide turns at least, but that won't do. If you ever catch Ferdinand Perry in a box like this again, you can kick him all—I say, Jeff, where did you hitch that painter?"

He was on his knees beside the hole through which we had entered the clam-house, groping about with one hand underneath the floor, and broke off now to ask the question.

"Why, I tied it to a pile right at your hand," I said.

"I'll be hanged if I can find it."

"Get down into the boat and then you can unhitch it, gooney," I returned in disgust.

"Gooney yourself!" Ferd growled. Then he peered down the open trap with his face near the floor. "Why—hang—it—I can't see any boat!" he declared at last.

"Oh, get out, and let me come there," I exclaimed. "You need a pair of glasses, you do."

He gave way without a word, and I plumped down upon

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my knees and worked my head and shoulders through the hole. The water slapped against the piles and spattered my face, but not the first sign of the boat could I see. It had slipped its fastenings and floated away.

I drew back with a singing and roaring in my head not wholly caused by my position. I felt dazed by the discovery I had made.

"I guess we shall have the pleasure of staying here, whether or no," remarked Ferd, reading in my face the fact of the non-success of my examination. "Now *isn't* this a pretty fix!"

"Well, it's just what you said you wanted," I said, crossly, as though Ferd had been the one at fault.

"Well, see here," my chum suddenly began, and then he stopped quite as abruptly, and held up his hand for silence.

I listened, and heard at once the sound of oars without. Could somebody have found our boat and rowed it back to the clam-house? Yet how would they know we were there? It was too dark for anybody to have seen us when we disembarked.

"Don't make a sound yet. They're coming here," whispered Ferd. "We'll see who and what they are before we hail them."

I shared his apprehension, for above the noise of the oars sounded the harsh voices of two or more individuals who were either very angry or greatly intoxicated. In a moment the boat bumped against the platform, and somebody sprang heavily out.

"Come, git out here, Jud! Stir your ugly carcass!" somebody exclaimed; and Ferd drew me within the low partition near the door, and we crouched there in silence.

The same thought had come to us both. It was not likely that anybody would come out on the river such a night as this, and to the old clam-house, too, for any good purpose.

There was a good deal of stumbling about on the rotten platform outside, and a running fire of coarse, not to say blasphemous, language between the two men. Then the door was unlocked and they came in.

A lantern was lit and flashed about the room, but, fortunately, Ferd and I, who were crouching close by the door, were overlooked. The two newcomers were burly, disreputable-looking men, and, much as we wished to get ashore, we did not want to put ourselves in their power.

They set the lantern down just within the door, taking particular care, I noticed, to keep the light from shining out, and then returned to the boat. Soon they returned laden with packages and rolls done up in canvas and heavy paper, and piled them up on the floor at the other end of the clam-house, near a heap of rubbish. They made several trips before the boat was unloaded, talking loudly together the while.

Ferd and I were quickly aware of their character. They called the goods "swag;" they spoke laughingly of having "cracked a crib" the previous night; and one twitted the other on being worried because they had been obliged to "put somebody to sleep." While they were wrangling over this at the further end of the room, Ferd whispered to me:

"Jeff, will you back me up if I make a break for their boat?"

"I'm with you," I whispered, after a moment's hesitation. "But we may get into trouble."

"Let it come," Ferd whispered back. "We'll get ashore and bring the police down here, capture 'em, and get the reward."

That was rather a romantic idea to my mind, but when the two burglars sat down to smoke and examine the plunder, with their backs to the half-open door, I arose to my feet when Ferd did and crept toward the entrance.

We got out all right, and in a few moments were in the boat, and Ferd had seized the oars. There was but one pair, so I went to the bow and slipped the painter. It had stopped storming now and the wind blew less fiercely, so my chum could handle the boat better alone than both of us could a few hours before.

And it was fortunate that these things were in our favor, for Ferd had hardly dipped his oars when there was a terrific racket from the interior of the clam-house, and the yellow light of the lantern flashed out of the doorway. The burglars had heard us!

"Pull, Ferd!" I cried, in apprehension, and he did pull with desperate energy.

For a moment the men seemed dazed by what had occurred. Then they shouted to us wildly to come back. Naturally, we disregarded this command, and Ferd bent to his work like a Trojan.

"Come back here, or I'll riddle you!" roared the man with the lantern.

We were not too far away to see him raise his arm. But Ferd kept to work and didn't turn a hair.

The pistol-ball flew wide of the mark. So did the next one, but at the third report I heard Ferd utter a cry of pain and fright. The bullet passed so near me that I heard it sing, and it had torn through his coat-sleeve and scratched his arm.

I pushed him out of the way and took the oars myself; but the fellow didn't fire again, and we were quickly out of sight of the clam-house.

Ferd bound up his arm, which, although only slightly wounded, bled pretty freely, and in half an hour we were at Jerry's boat-house. My father was there, considerably worried, and a great deal vexed, by our absence. He had suspected that we had gone down the river, and had sought out Jerry at once.

We were too excited to give a very intelligible account of our adventure at the clam-house, but it was sufficient to send a police captain and three men down there at once in a patrol-boat.

It seemed that the men were old offenders, and had doubtless used the old clam-house more than once for a hiding-place for booty till the stir of their burglaries blew over. This time they had robbed a store of some valuable goods, and had nearly killed the watchman during the operation.

If there was any reward, however, neither Ferd nor I ever saw a penny of it. In fact, it took nearly all of our pocket-money for three months to reimburse Jerry for the boat we lost. Take it all round, that first swim of the season was rather a serious experience.

An Exile's Return

Kings in exile, or statesmen, or political offenders, become familiar facts as we study history, but a bell in exile is certainly unusual. It would be natural to suppose that a bell exiled for three centuries would be forgotten, but this bell was not forgotten by the people of Uglich, Russia. The bell was rung to summon the people of Uglich to an insurrection against Ivan the Terrible, three centuries ago. The insurrection was put down at once, and even the bell was punished. Its ears were cut off, the bell was flogged by the public executioner, and then exiled to Siberia, where it has been ever since. The memory of the bell has been preserved by the people, parents telling their children of the beautiful bell that was punished because it summoned the people to liberty, and last year the people gained the courage to petition the present Emperor of Russia to allow them to bring home the bell. The petition was granted at once, and the bell was brought back, with much ceremony and amid great rejoicing, to its original home, and replaced in the tower prepared for it.

A Brave Girl

A young girl, Mary Stevens, sixteen years old, saved another girl from drowning last month at Greenport, L. I. The rescue was a most brave and perilous one, as the drowning girl clutched the rescuer around the neck, and rendered her almost helpless. The young girl screamed for help, and held up the drowning girl, who was unconscious. Every girl should learn to swim, and all girls and boys should endeavor to remember, when helpless in the water, not to clutch and hold those trying to help them in such a way as to increase the difficulties of rescue.

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For the Little People

A Pretty Gown

All the shop windows in town are full
Of silk and cotton and gingham and wool,
But none of them shows a gown so gay
As the one Mrs. Humming-Bird wears to-day.
'Tis the very same fashion her grandmother wore,
And hasn't a seam or a pucker or gore;
The sun doesn't fade it, the rain doesn't spot,
And it's just the thing, whether chilly or hot.
'Tis a perfect fit, and it won't wear out,
But will last her as long as she lives, no doubt.

—*Youth's Companion.*

An A B C Boy

By Clifton Johnson

Uncle George. So you go to school now, do you?

Freddy. Yes, sir.

Uncle George. Been a whole week, eh?

Freddy. Yes, sir.

Uncle George. You've learned a lot, I suppose?

Freddy. Oh, piles of things!

Uncle George. Well, you just take a seat in that chair over there against the wall, and let me ask you a question or two. Now, then, are you ready?

Freddy. Yes, sir.

Uncle George. They won't be questions out of the books, but they'll be calculated to test your general development and powers of observation. Do you understand?

Freddy. I don't know.

Uncle George. Never mind. You can go to college and read the dictionary through when you get older. Here's question number one: Did you ever see a green black man?

Freddy. I don't think they have them around here, unless in circuses, do they?

Uncle George. Question number two: How strong are you? Can you carry a box on your ear?

Freddy. I could carry a little one if I tipped my head on one side.

Uncle George. Question number three: Can you hear a ginger snap?

Freddy. Mamma's snap when you break them; but Willie Smith's mother's don't—they're soft.

Uncle George. Question number four: Can you hear a gum drop?

Freddy. Oh, Uncle George, let me have one!

Uncle George. Hold on, what are you leaving your chair and jumping on me that way for?

Freddy. Which pocket are they in?

Uncle George. There they are. You take them and run along. You must feel exhausted after your mental efforts.

[*Exit Freddy.*]

Grandmother's Weather Bureau

When the baby's eyes are stormy,
With a pucker in between,
Grandma shakes her head and murmurs
She's afraid it's going to rain.

When the baby's eyes are dancing,
Shining like two stars with fun,
Grandma smiles and says she's certain
We shall have a spell o' sun!

—*Youth's Companion.*

Harold's Ride

He was a little city boy, and he did not know anything about the country. He was afraid at first to go a step alone. He wanted his mother or his nurse with him. The crowing of the rooster frightened him, the mooing of the cow seemed to him a terrible sound. As day after day went by, and Harold saw that the rooster crowed as often when he looked the other way, or when Harold was in the house, he concluded that the crowing was not a threat to eat him up; he lost his fear of the rooster. When he heard the cow moo down in the meadow, where she could not see him, he concluded that the cow had no intention of tossing him on her horns. Day after day he grew braver and braver, and then he did what little boys are apt to do—he did not want any one with him; he wanted to manage himself. He would go to the barn and get right into the stall with the horse, or climb on the mow and throw down hay until it tumbled on the floor from the manger. At last, after riding on the wagon with the man three or four times, he decided it would be a good thing to jump up behind as he had seen large boys do. He looked at his short legs and at the wagon, and grew sorrowful when he realized that he could not jump so high. But one day he saw the ice-wagon go along the road, with the low step behind.

"Now," said Harold, "I'll do it."

The wagon stopped at the gate, and Harold hid in the bushes until the man climbed back on the seat. While he was gathering up the lines, Harold, with his short fat legs sticking out, got on the step. There was a creak and a rumble. The man was going home, and was in a hurry. He struck the horses, and they started off at a good trot. Poor Harold! Over stones, into ruts, over bumps, went the great, lumbering wagon. Around corners, up and down hills. Harold hung on to the steps with all his might, expecting every minute to be thrown off. He had never thought about the getting off! Would the wagon ever stop? Would he ever see his mother again? "Oh dear! why did I ever want to ride behind?" he thought. It was awfully hot and dusty, and very uncomfortable. The wagon gave another turn into a big gate, and then stopped. By this time Harold was crying hard, and did not feel at all like a big boy.

"For pity's sake, father, look!" some one said. "Well, that's a pretty fix!"—Harold knew the iceman's voice. "It's that monkey at the Newcombs'; that boy is a tough one, if he is little. Now I've got to take him back, a good two miles; I've a mind to let him walk."

By this time Harold stood on his poor tired legs, feeling very bruised and sore.

"Sit on the steps; I'll take you back after I've fed the horses," said the iceman, gruffly.

Harold sat, he said afterward, a whole afternoon before the iceman came round and put him in a wagon and took him home.

He had been away about an hour and a half, and the family had only just missed him.

He is always going to ride beside drivers now, he says—it's more "cumf'able."

Accounted For

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see.
I had some ice-cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea;

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate.
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda-water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat.
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Good Thing

Almost all the quarrels among good children—you may be surprised, but good children do quarrel sometimes—are due to disputes that have no reason for beginning. It would not be a delightful world if everybody thought just the same. When you wanted to get on a ferryboat you would have to wait a long time, for everybody else would want to go, and there would not be boats enough to carry the people. When you wanted to buy a top, you would not be able to get into the shop, there would be such a crowd of boys before you. It would be a most uncomfortable place, this lovely world of ours, if there were not such differences of opinion. Just imagine if all the little girls and big girls wanted red dresses at the very same time—why, the manufacturers could not make enough red cloth to make them! That is the reason it sounds so foolish to hear two little girls disputing as to which is the prettier, a gray cat or a black one. There are pretty gray kittens and pretty black kittens, and it is just a matter of taste, we say, as to which we like best.

Could a boy ever appear more foolish than when he quarrels with another boy as to whether baseball or football is the better game? Each boy likes the game he can play best.

There was an old darky who had lived with his master a long time, and knew all his master's friends. One day when they were together, a beautiful lady, a friend of his master's, passed. The master asked him if she were not beautiful.

"Fine leddy, Mars' John," said the old man.

"What do you mean, Uncle Jed? Don't you think her beautiful?"

"Well, Mars' John, to tell the hones' truf, we niggers doan' t'ink white leddies is so handsome as brack ones."

Do not get into disputes about things that cannot be decided, that each one must settle for himself. Stop and think how uncomfortable it would be if everybody thought just the same.

Not Quite a Success

When Bessie rose to sing her song,
All in her finest dress,
Two things that went a trifle wrong
Debarred complete success.

Her hands were clean, her face was fair,
Her voice was like a bird's;
But she didn't really know the air,
And she quite forgot the words.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Fireflies

Over the quiet meadows,
Where the flowers have gone to bed,
The fireflies dance with their lanterns,
Guarding each drowsy head.

"They are fairies with lamps," said Louie,
"Telling the daisies good-night."
"They are sparks from the skies," said Mary;
"I can see them burning bright."

But baby Helen looked solemn;
"I know," she said, "what *I* think;
I guess it is only the mammas,
And the baby flowers wanted a drink."

—*Child Garden.*

Morning-Glory

"Hark!" says Morning-Glory,
"Hear what all my bells are chiming,
Blue and pink so softly rhyming,
'Keep on climbing! Keep on climbing!'
This is all their story."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Bicycle Song

Oh, there's never a hound at his bravest bound,
Nor a swallow alive can feel
One-half the joy that thrills a boy
Aloft on his shining wheel.

—*Santa Claus.*

Helping

"How can we help?" said May and Sue,
And little dimpled Pete.
"As roses help," mamma replied—
"Just by being sweet."

—*Youth's Companion.*

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Sunday Afternoon

Behold the Man

By the Rev. J. S. Dodd[1]

Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!—John xix., 5.

He who said this was Pontius Pilate, one of the basest of men. He of whom this was said was the thorn-crowned Christ, the world's Redeemer.

The frenzied throng which surrounded Pilate's judgment-seat, to whom these words were first spoken, are not the only ones who have heard them; this strange apostrophe has echoed through almost twenty centuries, with a meaning far other than that of its first utterance. Behold the Man! We hear, and we behold the ideal man, the unique example of highest human perfection; we behold also the representative man, the man who in some strange way is standing in our place, answerable and answering for us.

But what was there in Jesus which should give him now, at the close of nineteen centuries, the respect of all men, the admiration of many, and the profound reverence and worship of a great and increasing multitude? Jesus never did anything the world calls great. He conquered no kingdoms; he was not a liberator, nor a reformer; he was no philosopher, nor poet, nor statesman, nor discoverer, nor inventor. He wrote nothing. His words have come down to us as they were recorded by his disciples, and the whole record of his words and deeds would scarce fill one small volume. He died young, and the longest part of his short life was passed in obscurity. His home was in a country village of no good repute; there he lived and worked with his hands at the carpenter's trade. At the age of thirty he entered upon his life's great mission, and it brought him in three years to a disgraceful death Apparently he had accomplished nothing. He had failed to make his teaching accepted save by a few people of no influence or importance, mostly members of the lower classes. He had utterly failed to carry his own little and despised nation with him. He made at last a stupendous claim to a supernatural kingship, and within a week his doom was sealed. When Pilate said, "Behold the man!" Jesus had just been cruelly scourged and crowned in mockery with thorns; he was about to be led away to be crucified between two thieves. Judged by the standards common among men, his life was a wretched failure.

And yet no man who ever lived has so impressed himself upon the world. Jesus is a more distinct personality to-day, less shadowy and unreal, though he died nineteen hundred years ago, than, for instance, such men as Washington or Napoleon, who were alive within the memory of men now living. The power of his name, the influence of his life, is more widespread, more intense, more real and effective, than that of any of the world's heroes or teachers, ancient or modern. The influence of the name of Jesus is, indeed, so different from and so far beyond all others that comparison is out of the question. What is the secret of it? where does the peculiar power of that name lie? what is it in his life that awes and sways men?

Now, there is really no secret at all in it. If you will but behold the man as he stands before the world in the moment when our text was uttered; if you can see him there, knowing what his life and doctrine have been, and knowing why he is there all will be clear. Pilate's exclamation, half fearful, half contemptuous, had in it far more than he dreamed. Pilate hoped to excite the pity of the crowd for the man who stood before that earthly judgment-seat bleeding and pale from the Roman scourge. He wanted to wash his hands of Jesus and let him go. He failed to gain his end with that bloodthirsty mob, but he succeeded in fastening the attention of the world upon Jesus. Pilate's "Ecce Homo!" has resounded through the ages. He was, though he knew it not, divinely guided; and the divinely guided instinct of humanity has seized upon that moment in the life of Jesus as its true explanation. Not the teaching Christ, nor the healing Christ, nor the miracle-working Christ, has really held the world's attention, but the *suffering Christ* has riveted the gaze of men. Pilate spoke at the moment when the true meaning of the life of Jesus had reached its climax, and therefore his word has become one of the most notable exclamations ever uttered. When we say, Behold the Man! we are compelled to think of Christ the Sufferer.

It is a fact, however, that just now men are trying to think otherwise. Never has Jesus attracted more attention than to-day; but, strangely enough, everything else is put before his suffering. "Behold the man" seems almost to mean, just now, Look at the man Jesus of Nazareth, study his words and deeds, meditate upon his wonderful character, try to follow his beautiful example; but stop, turn away your eyes when he approaches the hour of his death, lest you should see too much and behold in that crisis-moment a meaning of the life of Jesus which the world is not willing to accept.

It seems possible to pass the death of Jesus by, or yield it only a hasty and sentimental glance, because even apart from it everything about Jesus is of such unique interest.

His personality is strangely fascinating. We have no likeness of him; we have, instead, ideal pictures composed under the joint influence of ecclesiastical tradition and of the ascetic notion that the body is evil and the enemy of the soul. Some of them are, indeed, great works of art; but as representations of the Christ they doubtless do him great injustice. The Christ of the Gospels has in him none of that effeminacy, that delicacy and melancholy bordering on weakness, which appear in all the conventional pictures. As we read his story we feel, Here is surely a strong man, with something of the ruggedness of the toiler about him, and, in spite of his humble birth, something of the majesty of his royal lineage in his face. We see one who by his very look commands the fear of his enemies, the respect of the strong, and the confidence of the weak. There is no trace of physical defect or taint in him. He never reached the age of decline or decay; he stands before us in the full flush of ripe manhood.

Intellectual qualities of the highest order were his, and with them lofty courage, unflinching purpose, marvelous quickness of perception, and perfect self-control in most trying situations. He possessed, besides, as is evident from more than one incident in his story, that strange power over the wills of others which is the rare and peculiar gift of the chosen few who are born leaders among men. All those qualities which have gone to the making of the world's greatest heroes were in him. Moreover, the time in which he lived, and his peculiar relation to the prophecies and the hopes of his race and of the world, offered him an opportunity whose possibilities have never been fairly reckoned. It is hardly too much to say that he might have been a king, in a worldly way, such as this world has never known.

But he chose to follow none of the world's beaten paths. The great possibilities of his nature and his position are actually obscured by a self-renunciation which has no parallel. We have in Jesus the singular paradox of an unselfishness which makes him misunderstood while it makes itself so strongly felt that for very many it constitutes his greatest charm.

The world to-day is trying to explain the power of the name of Jesus solely by the feebly comprehended unselfishness of his life, and by the pure and lofty character of his moral teaching. But if this is indeed the true explanation, then it is time to ask, How far, even in this way, can the mission of Jesus be called a success? A recent writer, who insists strongly on this ethical view of the meaning of the life of Jesus, says: "The world has never tried the Gospel of Christ, and in this nineteenth century of the so-called Christian era it has yet to begin." And from his standpoint, which is fairly that of all who neglect the lesson of the Cross, he is not far from right. To explain the power of the life of Jesus, leaving the Cross out, is like trying to explain the power of the sun by means of moonlight.

The doctrine of Jesus is indeed wonderful; it contains the most heart-searching and the loftiest morality ever

[1] Riverdale, N. Y.

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taught. And since he lived as he taught, his example shines with peculiar and resplendent light; yet you can understand neither example nor doctrine until you Behold the Man, as he stands, bleeding, thorn-crowned, ready to be led to death.

Two qualities are conspicuous in the life and teaching and in all the character of Jesus. One is *Unselfish Love;* the other is *Pure Righteousness.*

The world was not unacquainted with love and righteousness before Jesus came. The knowledge of them is written on men's hearts. But, whatever success men have had in other ways, the record of the race in the living out of these high qualities has been one of failure. In even the noblest lives of the best among men there have been always blots, imperfections either in love or in righteousness, which show how high and unreached and unreachable by men are a really unselfish love and a really pure righteousness. Jesus alone illustrated these qualities perfectly and lived them out completely. And he did this from no vantage-ground of favoring circumstances, but from a most lowly and difficult position, amid fiercest temptations, and in face of bitterest opposition from all the strongest elements of society.

And this fact brings to view that which is most significant in the life of Jesus. It brings before us a phase of his example seldom spoken of, but always present in our inner thoughts—felt rather than thought, perhaps, for the very thought of it condemns us all. We see the only man who was ever all that every man as a son of God ought to be, the only man whose life was unselfish love and pure righteousness, for that very reason scourged, condemned, and crucified!

The example of Jesus shows how sadly fallen, how deeply sinful, men are. The example of Jesus is the judgment of mankind!

This is one reason why the world has caught at Pilate's word, and men say, not with admiration merely, but more with awe, Behold the Man! Another reason is that, when we look upon the thorn-crowned Christ, we see the representative man; the one perfect manhood among men, suffering not only *by* human sin, but *for* human sin; we see the perfect sacrifice offered by pure righteousness in perfect and unselfish love for men.

We look upon him, and our hearts say, Behold him who suffers for us, behold the man who is all we ought to be and are not, behold him, bearing in his own body the wounds, the smart, the disgrace, the dishonor, the guilt of our sin! When we remember what we are and what mankind has always been, can any one of us wonder that he, the perfect man, the Son of God, should stand where he is seen in our text, mocked, scourged, howled at, crowned with thorns, presently to go forth to Golgotha bearing his cross? How else could he be the representative man and stand in the place of his brethren, the fallen, the polluted sons of God! You may be unwilling to acknowledge it in words, you may rebel against it, but in your heart you know that in just this the real attraction of Jesus lies. The Christ about to be lifted up is he who draws all men unto him.

I call upon you to see Jesus as he really is. Behold the Man, and in his life of unselfish love and pure righteousness see what God meant you to be. Behold the Man as he stands before Pilate's judgment-seat, and in him see what sin can do, even to the eternal Son of God; and in him, scourged, condemned, behold what sin deserves. Behold him how he loves his fallen brother men, how patiently he endures the wrong they heap upon him, how willingly for very love of men he goes to awful death. Behold him: not one jot or tittle of truth or righteousness did he ever withhold or conceal to make his doctrine attractive or to keep a disciple; not once has he turned from his righteous way to please men; no compromise with worldly religion or ungodly politics has ever stained his soul; not for an instant has he ever swerved from truth to save himself from suffering or disgrace. He is the Christ, the kingdom of this world is his by right, and he is to be the Judge of mankind. It is death for him to avow it, but it is right. How calmly he faces priests and people, Pilate and his horrible cross, with that truth so fatal to himself, so awful for them, so blessed for the world! He is not only the Man, the Son of Man, he is the only begotten and well-beloved Son of God. Thus it becometh him to fulfill all righteousness for the sake of his Father's honor; and because of the love of God for the souls of men, to suffer what, though inflicted by the hands of men, is really the dreadful judgment of God against sin. Behold him; he stands alone with all that is most powerful and most respected in this world against him, and all that is best shrinking from him in fear; alone with all the world against him, yet he is not against the world.

Let no one wonder that Jesus rose from the dead. If the sin of mankind requires a crucified Redeemer, the destiny of redeemed man requires a Risen Christ for its fulfillment. In speaking of his resurrection Jesus always calls himself the Son of man, and the name contains a startling suggestion of the relationship which may exist between manhood and Godhead. In that always broken chain which we call human life, that chain of aspiration and purpose and achievement which is never complete on earth, which even when most nearly perfect is always most incomplete at the moment when death breaks it—in that broken chain Jesus Christ, the Son of man, supplies the golden link which is missing. He is the sure and glorious hope of a life that shall become perfect and live on even into those eternal realms of light and holiness in the presence of God from whence human life at first came forth.

But you cannot behold him and pass by his cross. There is no way around the cross. You must face him there first.

For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

The Life of Christ

XIII.—The Seed of the Church.[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Jesus Christ and his Glad-Tidings were received with great popular enthusiasm. The people were eager to hear this new message of hope. One man could not unaided carry it throughout the Holy Land. Had Jesus Christ possessed no foresight, had no prophetic vision suggested to him the necessity of providing some organization which should carry on his work and repeat his message after he was gone, had he never intended to make it a world-wide message, but only a provincial one, still it would have been necessary to secure some co-laborers. From the disciples who accompanied him in his ministry he selected twelve to be especially near to him, to receive his inspiration and his special instructions, to preach his Gospel in the villages while he preached it in the larger cities, and to carry on this ministry in a wider sphere after his death and resurrection. This purpose of his was not apparent at first, but if we take the whole history of his relation to the Twelve, from his first calling of them to his last missionary commission before his ascension, it is clear that his purpose included nothing less than this. Concerning the commission which he gave to these disciples while he was still with them, and the later commission when he was about to leave them, I shall have something to say hereafter. In this paper I confine myself to some observations respecting the principles upon which Jesus apparently selected the Twelve, and their personal character.

It must be confessed that it is difficult to ascertain with any accuracy, from the accounts which have come down to us, the principles upon which Christ's selection of the Twelve was made. We know that some volunteers offered to join this band and were refused, and in some instances the ground of the refusal is sufficiently plain.[2] We know

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 14. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 6. (November 11.) Mark iii., 6-19. For fuller treatment of this theme the student is referred to Chapter XVI. in my "Jesus of Nazareth," and to my "Commentary on Matthew," Chapter X., "Supplemental note on the Twelve Apostles, their lives and characters."

[2] Luke ix., 57-62; Mark v., 18, 19.

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also from Christ's own words[1] that the Twelve were not those who accidentally attached themselves to Jesus; they were carefully selected by him from a far greater number of adherents. But, with perhaps three exceptions, there does not appear in their history anything remarkable about these men except their attachment to Jesus. From his Gospel we judge that Matthew possessed a systematic and orderly mind, for he more than any other Evangelist has arranged the sayings of Jesus in a somewhat systematic manner; Peter proved to be an eloquent evangelist; John possessed remarkable spiritual insight, and became in his later years a prominent leader in the Church. But, with these exceptions, no one of the Twelve occupied any very important position in the Church after Christ's death; for James, the brother of Christ, who became a leader in Jerusalem, was not one of the Twelve, nor was Paul, who became the great missionary to the heathen. With the exception of Judas Iscariot, the Twelve were Galileans, selected from the peasant population of Palestine; in the main, simple-minded men, without social advantage, wealth, culture, remarkable insight, or heroic temper. Excepting John, there does not seem to have been among them a single man who could for a moment rank with Moses or David or Isaiah, or, indeed, with any one of the great Hebrew prophets.

Yet we must remember that the story of their lives has not been preserved for us; for the Gospels are the narrative of the life of Christ, and only incidentally of the lives of his followers, and the Book of Acts is less the history of individuals than the history of the Church in its formative period. Moreover, we are likely to be misled by the common statement that they were illiterate men. This means little more than that they were all laymen, untrained in the rabbinical literature of their time. This illiterateness was their best preparation to receive without prejudice that new spiritual life which Jesus Christ had come to impart. In a similar manner, the founders of the Reformation were not scholastics, nor were the leaders in the great Methodist movement taken from the theological and ecclesiastical schools of the eighteenth century. Illiterate though they were, they were not without that aspiration which is the best preparation for a true prophetic work. Four of them Jesus found at the Jordan, attracted by the preaching of John the Baptist. A fifth was evidently looking with them for the coming of the Messiah.[2] Two of them certainly, Philip and Peter, were familiar with the Greek language. The latter was a man of considerable means, lived in his own house, and thought he had given up a good deal to follow Christ. The father of James and John was able to keep hired servants, and to carry on his fishing operations on a somewhat extensive scale; and John had such relations with the High Priest as gave him, at a critical period in Christ's history, easy access to the palace.[3]

But if the disciples had open and unprejudiced minds, they do not appear to have possessed remarkable moral or spiritual genius. Peter and John do not show any indications of greatness of character prior to Christ's influence upon them. John, sharing with the other disciples their expectations of a temporal kingdom, ambitiously seeks a first place in it; passionate by nature, he would destroy by fire the Samaritan village which refuses its hospitality to his Lord; and, when he joins the band, possesses, with his brother James, a nature which earns for them from Christ the sobriquet of Sons of Thunder.[4] If John acquires his gentleness and tenderness from his intercourse with Jesus, Simon Peter acquires his courage from the same source. The incidents recorded by the Gospel in his career indicate a man by nature ardent, impulsive, unstable, untrustworthy. No one of the disciples could more truthfully have said than he, "By the grace of God I am what I am."[5]

We are, perhaps, liable to do these disciples some injustice by contrasting them not only with their Master, but with our naturally clearer understanding of his mission and his meaning; nevertheless it is certain that they were often obtuse and unreceptive, so much so at times as to draw upon them his rebuke. Their prosaic natures stumbled over his poetical sayings. When he cautions them against the leaven of the Pharisees, they imagine that he is afraid of being poisoned; when he warns them of approaching spiritual conflict, they innocently produce two swords to show that they are armed; when he tries their faith by asking what shall be done to feed the five thousand, Andrew can think of nothing but the five loaves and two small fishes at hand; when he promises them a spiritual manifestation such as the unspiritual cannot receive, Thaddeus stumbles over the declaration with the question, "How wilt thou manifest thyself to us and not unto the world?" when he tells them that he is going to the Father, Thomas replies, "We know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" These are not the utterances of quick-minded, spiritual, receptive souls. Spiritually as well as intellectually, they belong to the "plain people."

They were not even selected from the most moral of the community. Prominent among them was a despised tax-gatherer; less prominent, another whose previous identification with some one of the numerous turbulent factions which kept Palestine in a perpetual ferment earned for him the title of the Zealot. A third, Simon Peter, possessed the Oriental vices of profanity and falsehood, which, despite his long companionship with Jesus, revived, after he thought they were conquered, to overwhelm him with shame and confusion in the crisis-hour of his life. In short, in the selection of his apostles, as in the selection of the larger body of disciples from which they were chosen, Jesus seems to have acted upon the principle announced by himself, "I have come to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance." That even his powerful influence was not always sufficient to give victory to the better nature is made evident by the tragic story of Judas Iscariot.[1]

The mission which he gave to these disciples will be considered hereafter. It must suffice here simply to note the fact that in calling them to be his immediate disciples, the witnesses of his life, death, and resurrection, and the preachers of his Gospel both during his life and after his death, there is nothing in the Gospel account to indicate that he conferred upon them any especial ecclesiastical authority.[2] He established no hierarchy, he gave them no authority over one another, and none over the Church; he prescribed for them neither ritual, creed, nor order of service; and he did not authorize them, certainly not in any utterance recorded in the Gospels, to appoint successors. Paul, who was not one of the twelve, and did not receive ordination from the twelve, claimed to be equally with them an Apostle, because equally with them, though in a different way, a witness to the resurrection of the Master.

There was, however, one absolute condition of membership in this little band, and one mission which it was to discharge. This condition was absolute faith in and loyalty to their Master; this mission was to bear testimony to him. Whatever he said they were to receive; whatever he commanded they were to obey. When the rich young ruler desired to join them, it was made a condition that he should reduce himself to their condition of poverty. When Peter protested that Christ should not wash his feet, Christ refused any explanation of his action, simply replying: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." When James and John asked for office, he refused to make any promise whatever, save the promise of sharing with him in service and sacrifice. In this spirit of loyalty they were to be his heralds. They were sent, not to preach a new standard of morality, nor to reaffirm an old standard, but to preach that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. They were the forerunners of a king, the prophets of a Messiah, witnesses to the Christ.

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[1] John xv., 16.
[2] If, as is generally supposed, Nathanael is to be identified with Bartholomew.
[3] See John i., 36-49—xii., 20; Acts viii., 30—x., 24, *et al.*; Luke iv., 38; Matt. xix., 27; Mark i., 20; John xviii., 16.
[4] Matt. xx., 20-24; Mark ix., 38; Luke ix., 54; Mark iii., 17.
[5] Matt. xiv., 28-30; John xiii., 6-9; John xviii., 10, with Matt. xxvi., 56; John xviii., 15, 17, 25-27; Acts x., 47, 48; Gal. ii., 11-13.

[1] Matt. x., 4; Luke vi., 15; Mark xiv., 66-71.
[2] Some of my readers will think this statement inconsistent with such declarations as Matt. xvi., 18, 19—xviii., 18, and John xx., 22, 23. But, in my judgment, whatever authority is conferred by these utterances is conferred upon all the disciples of Christ. For the reasons for this opinion I must refer the student to my Commentaries.

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The Religious World

The Churches and Social Reform

By Wilton Tournier

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the churches to-day, as never before, are taking active steps to bring about a better understanding between the classes and the masses. Students of social science see in this church movement a hope for a better social order. To the churches the poor turn for sympathy and help in the time of trouble, and the churches have the power to influence the rich to do their duty by the poor and backward classes. The churches can lessen the distance between the rich and poor. Many prominent ministers of New York City, including Drs. Greer, Parkhurst, Rainsford, and Judson, are working in this direction with most satisfactory results. This church-house movement is not confined to any particular denomination. Drs. Greer and Rainsford are prominent Episcopalians; Dr. Parkhurst is a well-known Presbyterian, and Dr. Judson a Baptist. In connection with the churches over which these ministers preside are church-houses where the rich and poor meet and mingle with advantage to both classes. Dr. Greer's church-house, known as the "St. Bartholomew's Parish-House," is the largest and best-equipped church-house in America, if not in the world. It is a handsome eight-story building situated on the East Side of New York City. This magnificent structure was erected by the Vanderbilts and other wealthy worshipers at Dr. Greer's church. It might justly be called a College of Sociology. Here, perhaps as nowhere else, do the extremes of society meet. Several members of the Vanderbilt family and other wealthy society people take an active interest in the work going on. The work is very interesting, and includes mental, moral, physical, religious, and industrial training. The building contains clubs for the two sexes, young and old, a magnificent gymnasium, a concert-hall, a Rescue Mission hall, class-rooms for educational and industrial training, a cooking-school, a free dispensary, a loan office, three large libraries, a relief bureau, etc. The club-rooms prove very attractive to hard-working girls, young men, and boys. There are a plentiful supply of books, a piano, writing-tables, magazines, games of every description, baths and gymnastic instruction for males and females. Girls and young women receive instruction in typewriting, cooking, stenography, millinery, and dressmaking. Young men are taught bookkeeping, history, grammar, physics, economics, etc.; and boys have an opportunity to learn typewriting, grammar, history, mechanical drawing, arithmetic, carpentry, etc. Concerts, illustrated lectures, etc., are given several times a week, and are free to the members of the various clubs.

The Rescue Mission work is especially worthy of mention. Many rich society women work here and come in contact with the very poor and backward classes, helping them to happy and comfortable lives. One evening in the week a social, devotional service is held for unemployed men; a free supper is given to all who attend; after the service employment is sought for the unemployed, and many are helped financially.

The work carried on at St. George's Parish-House, under the direction of Dr. Rainsford, and at the Judson Memorial Baptist Church under the direction of Dr. Edward Judson, is similar to that of St. Bartholomew's; the former, however, have not as great room and facilities for educational work as has the latter.

Dr. Parkhurst's church-house, called the "Madison Square Church-House," is conducted somewhat differently from the others mentioned. At present the chief factor for reform is the Rescue Mission. Services are held nightly in the Mission Hall of the Church-House, which is situated on Third Avenue. Residents in the tenement-houses of adjoining streets attend in large numbers. There is a sprinkling of the class known as "tramps" and women of the street. Members of the fashionable Madison Square Church work here among the poor at the mission services. It is also the headquarters of their young people's societies—"Win One Society," "Helping Hand Association," "Visitation Society," etc. This last-mentioned society is doing noble work, and illustrates the power of direct personal influence. The plan of action is as follows: Each member takes a poor family under his or her care, and throughout the year looks to its mental, moral, physical, and financial welfare. Much good is being done in this way. The people of East Side tenement districts are regularly visited by well-to-do members of society, and rich and poor alike are benefited. The latter gain a friend willing and able to help them to better conditions, and the former find pleasure and happiness in doing good. The home life of the poor in the neighborhood of the Madison Square Church-House has been greatly improved by the members of this Visitation Society. Families have been lifted from a state of semi-starvation, filth, and degradation of every kind, to cleanliness and comfort. The respectable workingman has found a friend to aid him and his family in finding employment; and the housewife, one who takes an interest in the condition of her home and gives her encouragement in a friendly way.

It is certainly within the power of the churches to bring about a better feeling between the classes and the masses. Every church should have clubs for the poor and a lecture-hall where the practical questions of social economics could be discussed without distinction as to class; where rich and poor could meet on a brotherly footing. Christ taught the brotherhood of man, and his followers will do well to follow his example.

Crumbs from the Oxford Summer School

Principal A. M. Fairbairn:

We speak of physical nature. But nothing is less physical than nature. Nature is mental. Nature is spirit.

Without religion a true human nature is impossible. As the nature grows the religion grows. Change of form is essential to permanence of life. The death of religions is the life of religion.

Between fetichism and Christian faith there is a great distance, but a great affinity—the recognition of a supra-sensible life. Transubstantiation is fetichism in monotheism.

What we call the superstition of the savage is not superstition *in him.* Superstition is the perpetuation of a low form of belief along with higher knowledge.

The higher religion becomes, the more anthropomorphic in its profounder humanization of God.

Professor A. B. Bruce:

I would not leave any Church with which I happened to be connected—even the Church of Rome—so long as it tolerated me within it, protesting against its imperfections. I would hardly care to leave any Church for any other.

Christ's ideal of life is more austere than we receive with favor.

Some men are churchmen first and Christians next. Those who are Christians first are on the increase.

The whole battle of Luther's time may have to be fought over again. "Back to Christ" is now the cry even of anti-Protestants. But is Christ the patron of legalism and sacerdotalism?

It is not worth while to fight for the technicalities of Protestant schoolmen. What does Christ teach as to the way of salvation?

I have myself been a street preacher, and I never pass one without a tear rising in my eye.

There is no subject more needing to be taken out of the hands of quacks than sanctification.

One step in advance in a century or a millennium: so slow is progress.

Professor Andrew Seth:

The enlightenment of one century lives on as dogma and prejudice, to impede the religious life of the next.

Without the assumption of an infinite significance in life, argument about God is futile.

The Christian interpretation of Hegel depends on the Christian proclivity of his pupil.

There is a marked kinship between pantheism and pessimism.

Thought does not—as Kant and the agnostics say—shut us out from the knowledge of God. It rather shuts us in to it.

Professor George Adam Smith:

The three paradoxes of the Semitic character are subtlety without originality; grossness with reverence; patience with rancor. To wear well, to cheat, and to dream, are characteristic Semite traits, as in Jacob.

Whether historical or not, the story of the Fall—not the only fall in Genesis—shows a great moral advance from a tribal to an individualistic conception of religion and ethics.

J. M., W.

Gleanings

—News comes of the severe suffering of the Nebraska preachers, due to the failure of crops following on the fearful drought which the West has experienced. Some clergymen, it is said, are actually without food, and many are leaving the country, driven out by the law of self-preservation.

—Three evangelists who are at present working in the coal regions near Scranton—B. F. Armstrong, Thomas Thorburn, and J. C. Tennant—recently, says an exchange, held a revival meeting for the miners of the Ontario Mine under uncommon circumstances. It was at the bottom of the shaft. Slips of paper with the words of hymns printed upon them were handed

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around, and the miners, gathered in the gloom of the mine, joined heartily in the service of song.

—The Tiffany Chapel, which attracted so much interest at the World's Fair in Chicago, and later on in this city, is again open for visitors at 333 Fourth Avenue, and will remain on exhibition daily, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., until December 1. Cards of admission may be obtained at the office of the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, 333 Fourth Avenue, New York.

—The Rev. Edward Allen, of Somerset, England, is said to be the oldest clergyman in the English Church, being now in his ninety-seventh year. He reads and writes without using glasses. Next to him come Dean Macartney, of Melbourne, Australia, in his ninety-sixth year; Bishop Durreford, of Chichester, who is ninety-five; and the Rev. C. J. Glyn, of Witchampton, who is also ninety-five.

—"Christian Work" says that, since the death of Henry Ward Beecher, the clergyman who preaches to the largest congregation in this country is the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, a Baptist of Philadelphia. He addresses eight thousand people every Sunday, and he has established a college where 120 students are taking a regular course and 3,500 others are attending classes in various subjects.

—The leading Protestant missions in the Empire of Japan are: Presbyterians, churches, 92, members, 11,126; American Board, churches, 65, members, 11,110; American Methodist Episcopal, churches, 59, members, 4,034; Canada Methodist Episcopal, churches, 20, members, 1,987; American Protestant Episcopal, churches, 27, members, 1,529; Church Missionary Society, churches, 49, members, 2,652; Baptist Missionary Union, churches, 19, members, 1,547.

—The "chapel cars" that have been run in the West by one or two denominations have now been followed by a Sunday-school car, the "Good News," which has been built and fitted up, at a cost of about eight thousand dollars, to propagate Sunday-school work throughout the West. Its use is given free by a man who withholds his name at present, and a corps of competent Sunday-school workers will travel on it from place to place, holding services in each town and village.

—A movement is on foot to restore the church at Bemerton, England, in which George Herbert for so long officiated. The present rector, the Rev. Francis Warre, estimates that $2,000 will be sufficient to restore the old building, whose earliest known date is 1408, although good authorities declare that it belongs to a still earlier period. Every effort will be made to put the church into the condition it was when the poet-clergyman lived and labored in Bemerton, and Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York, has undertaken to receive American subscriptions to the good object.

—Among the letters from foreign lands which were presented to the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society at the last monthly meeting were communications from several correspondents in Japan announcing a destructive fire in Yokohama on the 2d of August, in which the stock of Scriptures in the hands of the Bible Societies' Committee was destroyed. The plates, which were stored elsewhere, are uninjured, and the insurance was ample to cover the loss of stock, but some time must elapse before new editions can be made ready for the market. The issues from the Bible House in August were 81,959 volumes; issues since April 1, 402,229 volumes.

—We are requested to announce that a meeting for the deepening of spiritual life will be held in Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, from October 9 to 12. The general theme will be "The Ministry of the Holy Spirit." The following are expected to take part: The Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; the Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham, and Major D. W. Whittle, of Northfield; the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, J. R. Davies, S. H. Hadley, Anthony Comstock, and Dr. Harsha, of New York City; C. H. Yatman, of Ocean Grove; E. M. Poteat, of New Haven; F. H. Jacobs, of Chicago; "Uncle" Boston Smith, of Minneapolis; L. W. Munhall, of Germantown; David Gregg, J. F. Carson, and others.

—The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., in addition to its regular work of giving normal and industrial training to about seven hundred young men and women, and the holding of the great Negro Conference for the masses each year, has organized the Tuskegee Summer Assembly, which brings together the ministers, teachers, doctors, and other leaders in the South, for ten days of lectures, discussions, and recreation. The second session of this Assembly is now in operation, and is well attended by the leaders of the race in the South. The lectures embrace such subjects as: "Some Practical Demonstrations in Cooking;" "The Mistakes of Southern Farmers;" "Relation between Morality and Religion;" "Hygiene in the Home;" "The Negro Ministry: Its Needs;" and "How to Enrich the Soil."

—The Zenana and Bible Medical Mission was founded in 1852, is undenominational, and works in co-operation with the Church Missionary Society and other Protestant missionary societies. It has stations at 33 centers in India and Ceylon. The Society employs 94 European missionaries and assistants, 179 native Christian teachers, nurses, etc., and 69 Bible-women, or 342 laborers employed in the work. During 1893 no less than 15,539 patients were attended, of whom a considerable number were zenana women living in strict seclusion. The attendances at the dispensaries numbered 44,483. Three native Christian women are being trained as doctors in India, two of whom will complete their course in 1894. The Society has 68 schools, with 2,746 pupils, and 93 students training for mission work. Four new stations were occupied last year; 14 new missionaries were sent out, two of whom are doctors and two trained nurses.

—The Unitarian Churches of America will hold their fifteenth National Conference at Saratoga, beginning on September 24, and lasting through September 27. The President of the Conference, Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, will preside over the meetings, and will open the first session of the Conference with an address of eulogy upon the late President of the Conference, George William Curtis. Among the delegates elected to represent their respective churches are ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, Judge Thomas J. Morris, and the venerable Baltimore philanthropist, Enoch Pratt. The programme of addresses, essays, etc., contains the names of many prominent Unitarian men and women, among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, of Oxford, England, and the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, of London. The Unitarians will vote at this meeting upon the revision of the Constitution of the Conference.

—The Rev. Dr. James Clark Welling, President of Columbian University of Washington, died at Hartford, Conn., on September 4. He had occupied a distinguished position in literature and institutions of learning for many years. He was born in Trenton, N. J., July 14, 1825, and was graduated from Princeton College in 1844. He studied law, and in 1848 became associated with a New York collegiate school. Soon afterward he removed to Washington and became the literary editor of the "National Intelligencer." He afterward took charge, in part, of the political department of the National Capital organ, and was an enthusiastic Whig until that party passed out of existence with the defeat of Bell and Everett in 1860, and the outbreak of the Civil War in the year following. He subsequently filled various chairs in different colleges, including that of *belles-lettres* at Princeton in 1870, and finally he became associated with the institution of which he was still President when he died, although his resignation had been tendered, on account of failing health, and was to have taken effect on the first of next month. Dr. Welling was connected with many literary, historical, and scientific societies, and was President of the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—H. T. Shepard, of the Union Church of Black Diamond and Franklin, Wash., has resigned.

—H. A. Bushnell, of Galesburg, Ill., accepts a call to La Grange.

—A. O. Penniman, of Garnett, Kan., has resigned.

—Guy Foster accepts a call to Creede, Colo.

—E. S. Chandler, of Harvey, Ill., accepts a call to Mont Clare, Chicago, Ill.

—Jesse Bailey, of Watertown, N. Y., has resigned.

—E. R. Drake, of Manhattan, Kan., has resigned.

—J. L. Keedy has become pastor of the church in Lysander, N. Y.

—A. P. McDonald, of the Andover Seminary, accepts a call to Pullman, Wyo.

—J. G. Smith, of Crookston, Minn., accepts a call to Plymouth Church of Chillicothe, O.

—C. H. Harger, of Ewen, Mich., accepts a call to South Lake Linden.

—W. B. Millard, of St. Paul, Minn., declines a call from Dundee, Ill.

PRESBYTERIAN

—James O. Denniston has resigned the pastorate of the church in Cooperstown, N. Y.

—W. S. Danly, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., accepts a call to the First Church of Pittsburg, Pa.

—E. N. Manley, of Oakfield, N. Y., has resigned.

—James B. Lee, of Philadelphia, Pa., has received a call to Bloomfield, N. J.

—A. C. Kaye has become pastor of the church in Jefferson, Ia.

—W. S. Barnes accepts a call to Madison, Ind.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Charles Donohue has become assistant in St. Mary's Church (P. E.), Brooklyn, N. Y.

—W. S. W. Raymond has taken charge of the Church of the Ascension (P. E.), Auburn, R. I.

—E. V. Shayler resigns the pastorate of the Episcopal church in Columbus, O.

—L. D. Hopkins accepts a call to the Episcopal church in Sheboygan, Wis.

—F. G. Carman, of the Reformed Dutch Church in Albany, N. Y., has received a call to Poughkeepsie.

—E. F. Dinsmore, of Haywards, Cal., has received a call to the Unitarian church of Santa Barbara.

—F. E. Freese, of Charleston, Me., accepts a call to the Free Baptist church of Northwood, N. H.

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Books and Authors

Mr. Meredith's New Story[1]

George Meredith

Mr. George Meredith can never be a popular novelist, and probably has no ambition to secure that kind of success; but it is very clear that he is more widely read than formerly, and that his great ability is finding recognition. The battle of opinion which has gone on about him for fifteen years and more has given his name wide repute even among those who have refused to read his novels. He has been called, with some degree of justice, the Browning of novelists; because, like Browning, he has force, originality, and passion beyond most men of his time; but these great qualities have been obscured by a peculiarly difficult style. It is no exaggeration to say that no English novelist has brought to the uses of art an intellect of greater depth, capacity, and force; no one has had a keener insight into character and life; no one has had greater courage of conviction, emotion, and passion. Mr. Meredith goes by instinct to the very heart of the matter; he discusses habitually the deepest and most critical passages in human experience; and he is not afraid to recognize the full play and force of the elemental instincts of human nature. No English novelist has seen so clearly the tremendous significance of sex in human life and character, and none has dealt with it so freely and frankly and yet with such purity and reverence.

To the reading public Mr. Meredith is best known by that brilliant story, based on the career of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "Diana of the Crossways," a novel eminently characteristic of the writer, because it portrays a woman of strong, fully developed nature; fervent, impulsive, and passionate, after the manner of the most vital and capacious men and women, but pure in feeling and purpose; an affluent and original character caught in a fierce struggle with the conventions of society, and with men and women whose measures and standards are purely conventional. Mr. Meredith is fond of touching that elemental struggle out of which all tragedy is born: the collision between the individual soul and institutional life in some of its many forms. In "Diana" the story of a brilliant, ardent, and fascinating woman is told with great power and with comparative directness and simplicity of style. But students of Mr. Meredith are agreed that his power is most clearly disclosed in "The Egoist" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"—novels which, for force, insight, and a certain deep and vital beauty, are not surpassed in English literature. The lovers of these stories are fond of saying that there is nothing in English prose more beautiful than the chapter which describes the summer afternoon on the river, when Richard lifted up his eyes and saw the dream of his youth coming to him in the form of a fair young girl.

These striking stories are not likely to be generally read, however, because of the difficulties of Mr. Meredith's style; and the other novels which bear his name are still less likely to win popularity. Like Browning, Mr. Meredith delights in condensation and elliptical expression; he omits the stages of the development of his thought, and packs the results into the most condensed form possible. His stories are full of splendid passages, sentences, and phrases that go home to the imagination of the reader; but, as a whole, his style lacks rhythmic ease and flow; the words do not fall into that harmony which bears the eye and the thought on, not only without effort, but with intense pleasure. Mr. Meredith can put this harmony into his style, but he does it only at intervals; for the most part he leaves his reader to make his own way from one thought to another without any effort to make the transition easy. This is a very serious fault—a fault which deprives a writer who possesses great gifts of the general appreciation which those gifts ought to command, and which shuts off a great many thoughtful people from a body of work full of stimulus and insight. To those who have passed the barrier of a difficult style, and who have come to accept the style as part of the man, Mr. Meredith is a novelist who speaks straight to the heart.

"Lord Ormont and His Aminta" is in every way characteristic of its writer. There is more insight, force, beauty, and intellect in it than in any novel, save three or four, which has appeared in a decade. It has a singular freshness and a deep and beautiful tenderness; it is packed with keen or profound comment; it overflows with that wisdom which comes from long knowledge of life, and yet it is suffused with the idealism of youth and love. It portrays the struggle of an ardent and sensitive woman against the conditions in which she finds herself, and the solution raises a question which Mr. Meredith does not answer categorically, but which many of his readers will think of such gravity that it ought to have had fuller discussion. The story is defective in construction, although full of dramatic situations and possibilities; its style is easier than that of some of its predecessors; and it is touched at times with that beauty which only a great writer commands; at other times, however, it is condensed to the verge of obscurity and baldness.

[1] *Lord Ormont and His Aminta.* By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Two Rulers[1]

Father Paul Sarpi is known to English readers chiefly through Trollope's historical novel, "Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar." He is famous, first of all, by reason of his liberal history of the Council of Trent, which has never yet been set up in print from the original manuscript. But Paolo Sarpi, in his character and career, was far more than a historian. He was confessed by his contemporaries to be "the miracle of the age." Even Galileo called him "my father and my master," for Sarpi was an eminent scientific investigator and theorist. He it was who first made maps of the moon. Inventors also would bring their machines and models to him for his judgment and advice. Penelli, a great mathematician of the time, once proposed to him, at a dinner, in the presence of Ghetaldo, another famous mathematician, the most difficult and abstruse problems, and, to the wonder of Ghetaldo, Sarpi solved them all while he was eating. He was the life of the learned and literary societies of his day, and he freely attended their meetings.

One of the most frequented resorts of the learned Venetians was the house of Aldus Manutius, the great printer. Aldus had put up over his doorway this inscription: "Whoever you are, Aldo requests you, if you want anything, to ask it in few words and then depart; unless, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. In that case, here will always be found something for you to do, however many you may be." Sarpi was a child of Humanism, and his liberality soon made him displeasing to the ultramontanes. On one occasion he was charged with a frivolity of life unbecoming his religious vows, and his cap and shoes were brought in as evidence that all about him savored of heresy. The result of the trial was that he was triumphantly acquitted, and the suspected shoes were declared sufficiently orthodox. Hence came the saying about him that he "was so blameless and pure that even his slippers had been canonized."

During his whole life Sarpi was devoted to the practical study of anatomy. The discovery in this science with which Sarpi's name is associated is that of the valves of the veins. In one of his letters, speaking of a work on anatomy, he writes: "Certain things in this work with great pleasure I have found, because they seem to be analogous to those things by me discovered and registered, as the circulation of the blood in the body of animals, and

[1] *Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Greatest of the Venetians.* By the Rev. Alexander Robertson. T. Whittaker, New York.
Rulers of India: Sir Thomas Munro, and the British Settlement of the Madras Presidency. By John Bradshaw. Macmillan & Co., New York.

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upon the structure and use of their valves." This is remarkable, and a fact not generally known. Harvey's work was not published till five years after Sarpi's death. Father Paul's labors in astronomy have already been mentioned. He made original experiments in the investigation of sound, light, color, hydrostatics, magnetism, and chemistry. His thorough understanding of the principles of law and jurisprudence are witnessed by the skill with which he guided the Republic of Venice through difficult crises. As a philosopher, Macaulay says he anticipated Locke. He was also the architect of several of the palaces of Venice, and was constantly consulted by military engineers and commanders about the construction of forts and fortifications. All this did not prevent him from serving as Provincial of the Order of Servites, to which he belonged. His rule in this office was reformatory and highly beneficial. In this position he opposed the devotion to Mary, and caused the hymn *Salve Regina* to be stricken out of the office-books of the Servites. His familiarity with the decrees of the councils and the canons made him an inexpugnable antagonist in any controversy.

Notwithstanding his character as a free-lance, he made in Rome the friendship of Bellarmine and Cardinal Castagna, afterwards Urban VII. It was as Counselor of the State of Venice that Sarpi did his great work. In this office for nearly twenty years he was the real guide and ruler of his nation. The hatred of Pope Paul the Fifth raged against him in vain, for he was under the careful protection of the State. However, there was an attempt made to assassinate him which came near being successful. At one time there was a decided inclination of the Venetians to renounce their allegiance to the Church of Rome, as the English had done. Sarpi favored this, and wished Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador at Venice, to present to the Doge King James's book on the pretense of the Pope to assume authority over kings. It seems that James had a fad, and instructed his Minister to present the book to the Court of Venice on St. James's Day. The delay, against the entreaty of Sarpi, was fatal to any effectiveness of the book. The statesmanship and solid learning of Sarpi enabled Venice to maintain her independence in the struggle with the Court of Rome. In 1623 Father Paolo Sarpi died in piety and peace. The Senate immediately voted him the unusual honor of a public monument, with an inscription recounting his services to the State; but the hatred of the See of Rome pursued the friar even after his death. It was not till last year that a public monument was erected to Sarpi in Venice. At that time much literature concerning his character and work appeared from the Italian press, and of this fact Mr. Robertson has availed himself freely. His account is admirable both in point of style and content. But his translations from Italian are not graceful.

Sir Thomas Munro ruled in conditions far removed by time and space from those of the Servite friar, but the same qualities that made the one a power made the other leave a name revered and cherished still throughout the Madras Presidency. Of the twelve years during which Munro was engaged in war with Haidar Ali and his son, Tipu Sultan, little need be said in this place, for though he was a good soldier, his excellencies as a ruler were not elicited. His advent into India happened at a critical period of the English domination of that peninsula, and Munro saw that power again made firm. It was, however, in the civil administration of the Indian government that his statesmanship was proven. The qualities of a wise ruler were his. He was among the first to recognize that the stability of the English power in India rested upon the benefit that it really was to the inhabitants of that country. Therefore his rule was beneficent to the people. He was a student of history and economics, a far-seeing and broad-minded President. His knowledge of the country and of the people he had to rule surpassed that of any who had gone before. High praise as this seems, it will not, probably, meet with denial. At any rate, the natives will affirm it to this day; for among them he is still known as "the Father of his people." Two hundred years separate the two men—the one a friar, the other a soldier. In tastes and habits they were similar; both were scholars, both fond of fellowship, both patient, industrious, and equable in temper, and both were born rulers.

The primacy of the See of Rome was not at the first based upon the primacy of Peter the Apostle. That claim was an afterthought. The whole question of the Petrine episcopate at Rome is doubtful, and must ever remain in doubt. This has been shown many times and in many causes. *Was the Apostle Peter Ever at Rome? A Critical Examination of the Evidence and Arguments Presented on Both Sides of the Question*, by the Rev. Mason Gallagher, D.D., with an Introduction by the Rev. John Hall, D.D., is only another attempt of the rat to gnaw the same old file. We say, with perfect respect for the author and for his purpose, that Dr. Gallagher's array of argument is formidable and sound—he is a scholar—but the Papacy seems to be impervious to mere logic. It arose, by a necessity which needs no syllogisms, out of the conditions of mediæval life; and while any vestiges of those conditions remain, the Papacy will survive, in spite of absolutely "knock-down arguments" against it. Those conditions still survive, in Protestantism as well as in Catholicism. Meanwhile the use of this book will be to warn shallow people who expect that an absolute certitude in religion may be found in the Roman Church. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.)

The attempt to reconstruct the theology of Christianity on the basis of Schopenhauer's idealistic philosophy was begun by Arthur Schopenhauer himself, but it is not probable that any one besides the author ever took the matter seriously until Professor Doctor Paul Deussen, of the University of Kiel, arose. He would fuse together not only Christian doctrine and Schopenhauer's pessimism, but the Hindu Vedanta metaphysics and the Platonic theory of ideas as well. His handbook, *The Elements of Metaphysics*, has been translated into English by C. M. Duff. For transcendental metaphysics it is an interesting *tour de force*, but it believes itself to be the "standpoint of reconciliation of all contradictions," and the philosophy of "a regenerated and purified Christianity constructed on an indisputably scientific foundation." The form of the book is clear and orderly. The table of contents presents a complete analysis of the argument. While Dr. Deussen lacks the brilliant style of his master, Schopenhauer, he excels the great pessimist, who boldly said that he "did not intend that people should understand his books without taking trouble." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Unitarianism was the child of Humanism and of the Renaissance. It does not belong to ancient history—at least as a decided movement in religious thought. Properly understood, it arose from a protest against an unethical and unsocial theology, rather than against orthodoxy. Like all strong religious reactions, it became involved in other interests, theological and practical. Unitarianism is now, many hold, a decaying sect which has done its work, and whose forces are being absorbed by the Churches reckoned orthodox. Consistent Unitarianism now becomes undefined free thought, and disintegrates. The old dogmatism which gave rise to it is passing away. *The Unitarian Movement Since the Reformation*, by J. H. Allen, can be depended upon as a thorough piece of work. Much of the book embraces the section of New England Unitarianism that has come under Dr. Allen's personal observation. The volume belongs to the series of American Church History, and is published by the Christian Literature Company of this city.

The larger work of the late Professor William Milligan on the Resurrection is now well known as the classic work on the subject. A series of papers on *The Resurrection of the Dead: An Exposition of 1 Corinthians xv.*, originally printed in homiletical periodicals, has been gathered into a posthumous volume. There is nothing we can find here that is not to be found also in the larger book, but the style of this is somewhat more popular, though a little dry at all times. The work is sound in scholarship, sober and mature in thought, and will command respect. There is also a grasp of the general character of the Pauline concept of the resurrection which is masterly. Dr. Milligan's views are defective, if at all, in want of development. His was not a philosophical mind, and the conclusions which could be drawn from his premises never troubled him. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Professor Ormond, of Princeton, is neither an agnostic of the positivist order, nor a follower of Hume, nor a monistic pantheist. These are the prevalent types of present-day philosophy. He really starts from the idealism of Hegel, with his categories of Being, Non-Being, and Becoming, and upon this he erects a

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philosophy of nature, history, and art. Then he goes on to show also a plan of Theism based upon the same concepts. *Basal Concepts in Philosophy: An Inquiry into Being, Non-Being, and Becoming*, by Alexander T. Ormond, Ph.D., will be likely to be welcomed by our more conservative thinkers and by those trained in the school of the late Dr. McCosh. It is an effort to found solidly the first courses of a spiritual metaphysic. We find the language of Professor Ormond intelligible, and we hope that his work will receive the attention that it deserves. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The teaching of little children to sing with expression, and truly, is one of the aims of every kindergartner who strives after perfection, which for the kindergartner means the developing of the whole nature of the child, using every gift, opening every avenue of expression. Every true mother makes, or tries to make, music the center of social family life. The difficulty has been to find songs suited to the little ones—songs within their comprehension and not beyond their power of execution. This last difficulty has been overcome, since child-life, in its beauty and right relation, has been brought out by the spread of the knowledge of the kindergarten; many song-books for young children have been arranged, and among the best is *Song Stories for the Kindergarten*, by Mildred J. and Patty S. Hill, with an introduction by Anna E. Bryan. (Clayton F. Summy, Chicago.)

Children's Singing Games, collected and edited by Alice B. Gomme (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a beautifully illustrated book that to fathers and mothers will recall the days when "Jenny Jones," "Green Gravel," "Poor Mary Sits a-Weeping," were the répertoire of their musical knowledge. The history of these old singing-games is given, and to the student of the history of education the book is valuable as marking clearly the difference between the singing-games of thirty years ago and the singing-games of the kindergarten, which are as simple as the minds of the children and which are sometimes a medium of introduction to the world about them.

The Beneficent Church is a volume of historical sermons on the story of Congregationalism in Rhode Island, by the Rev. James G. Vose. The sermons were preached in connection with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Beneficent Church in Providence, and they will doubtless prove of great interest to students of the history of Congregationalism. The church is historic, and many names of eminent persons have been connected with its course during the century and a half. There is a steel-engraved picture of the building, and an appendix of some documents relative to the history of the parish. (Silver, Burdette & Co., Boston.)

One proof of the usefulness and desirability of a book is that people buy it and read it. This evidence is afforded by the demand for and appearance of a second edition to Professor James M. Hoppin's *Sermons on Faith, Love, and Hope, with Horæ Homileticæ*, from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. Professor Hoppin's beautiful style and wealth of illustration, to say nothing of his earnestness, give his sermons a value more than evanescent. The "Horæ" are made up of answers to questions about preaching, and are useful and interesting to preachers old and new. These are sermons which read well and are suggestive of other sermons. They are also models of style.

The Expert Waitress, by Anne Frances Springsteed (Harper & Brothers, New York), is a book that every mistress who must train her waitress should own, not for her own use but for the use of the untrained servant. She can then impress, by frequent reading, the very explicit directions for every movement, for the care of everything used in a dining-room. Doubtless many would modify the directions, but the servant who should endeavor to follow the rules for the serving and the service in the dining-room would soon make herself an expert.

Aschenbrodel, by Mrs. George Paull (Thomas Whittaker, New York), is a prettily bound and well-printed book. It is a book that might rouse a child's sympathies, but would strike the older reader as a morbid book. The style is affected at times; "such a very little child she was, although six times the blossom-storms of May had swept the bridal-veils from the fruit-trees since the fetters of life had been bound upon her," seems like a long story to tell us that "she" was six years old. We are slowly but surely outgrowing this style of story and this way of telling it—an evidence of healthful progress.

Mothers and kindergartners are indebted to Miss Emilie Poulson for the suggestions, the lists of books for the preparation for the morning stories, and the delightful collection of stories contained in *The Child's World* (Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.). To the many mothers who believe that the kindergarten method offers the truest medium for the natural development of a child's mind, its morals, its social instincts, Miss Poulson's book will be found in truth a help.

If one wishes to gain a graphic idea of Australian life in the early days of civilization there, the romance entitled *Outlaw and Lawmaker*, by Mrs. Campbell-Praed (D. Appleton & Co., New York), might be recommended. But let no one expect too great literary merit as a characteristic of this merely melodramatic book.

Literary Notes

—Next month Canon Tristram, of Durham, will publish his book on "Eastern Customs in Bible Lands."

—It is rumored that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a play, and that it is under consideration by Mr. Irving.

—All the recent rumors about Mr. R. L. Stevenson's ill health are declared to be without foundation. He was reasonably well when last heard from, and in the highest spirits.

—Mr. Walter Besant has three books in preparation—his novel "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," a series of social essays, "As We Are, As We May Be," and a volume of short stories entitled "In Deacon's Orders."

—The "Sketch" of London states that Mr. Du Maurier has nearly finished a third novel for Harper & Brothers. "Trilby" is just off the press as we write; perhaps no book of late years has provoked more discussion before it appeared in book form.

—The present Lord Tennyson has thus far published nothing but a version in hexameters of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. He is supposed to be very poetical, however, by his rustic neighbors, and some time ago an agricultural laborer pointed him out to a visitor, observing: "He carries on the business now."

—The editor of an Arkansas newspaper lately wrote to a publisher in this town, so the "Book-Buyer" asserts, saying that his newspaper had established a literary department, and that he was now prepared to print review notices of books, which should be as thorough and appreciative as possible. "If I may suggest," the editor concluded, "I will say that if you will begin by sending me Shakespeare's plays, 'A Yellow Aster,' and a reliable Life of George Washington, I will see that they receive proper notice."

—Professor H. Morse Stephens, M.A., of Cambridge, England, has been chosen to succeed the late Herbert Tuttle as Professor of Modern European History at Cornell University. Professor Stephens is a graduate of Oxford, and is in the foremost rank of the younger historians now carrying on the traditions of the Oxford school headed by Bishop Stubbs, Goldwin Smith, and the late Professor Freeman. Professor Stephens's most important work is his "History of the French Revolution," the third volume of which will soon appear.

—Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge's next historical novel will be entitled "The Cook and the Captive," and will deal with an interesting period of mediæval French history. Miss Yonge has written most of her books at Elderfield in Hampshire, England, a fine old manor-house and the ancestral seat of the Yonges. She was twenty-one when her first story, "Abbeychurch," was offered to the public. "The Heir of Redclyffe" gave her her first real fame, and from the profits of the book she fitted out the "Southern Cross," Bishop Selwyn's missionary steamer, while with the proceeds of "The Daisy Chain" she built a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. The titles of all Miss Yonge's books fill eight pages of the British Museum Library Catalogue, and belong to history and biography as well as to fiction.

—From Mrs. Fields's "Shelf of Old Books" in the current "Scribner's" we take this account of the joy of a book-lover (probably Mr. Fields) who found one day in a second-hand shop in London a beautiful Ballantyne reprint of "Rasselas:"

> Imagine the joy of the enthusiastic buyer, having left the shop, the book paid for and tucked under his arm, to find, as he turned into a quiet street to take a look at his new purchase—to find, I say, hidden between the leaves, a letter in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Johnson himself. It was almost too much to believe, and the question immediately arose in the young publisher's mind: "To whom does this letter belong?" At one moment the fortunate possessor would shut up the book and start for home, in the next he rapidly retraced his steps, and at last did not pause until he had again reached the door of the small shop where his purchase had been made. By this time he had resolved what to do: he would first discover if the seller of the book knew of the existence of this treasure, and then they could decide together upon the right step to take. The bookseller was astonished at the sight of the letter, and confessed at once that he could make no claim upon it, as he was ignorant of its existence until that moment. However, the matter was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties; they decided upon the price such a letter should bring, and one-half of the value was paid to the bookseller, who had unconsciously allowed such a prize to slip through his fingers.

[For list of Books Received see page 441]

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The Sandpiper

By Celia Thaxter

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky.
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses nigh.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
This little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the world-storm bursts furiously?
No driftwood fire will burn so bright—
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou little sandpiper and I?

—*Selected.*

About People

—Vermont claims to have the oldest lawyer in New England. He is Daniel Roberts, of Burlington, now in his eighty-fourth year, and still actively engaged in the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1832.

—General Longstreet, who is at his home in Gainesville, Ga., is said to be showing evidences of overwork. He is busily engaged upon his memoirs, which are expected to contain much of interest relative to the Civil War.

—There are now three women physicians on the sanitary corps of the New York Board of Health—Drs. Alice Mitchell, Helen Knight, and Frances G. Dean. They are under the same rules and are required to do the same amount of hard work as their masculine associates.

—Queen Victoria's walking-stick is an interesting one historically. It is made of oak cut from the famous tree of Boscobel that sheltered her ancestor, Charles II., after the battle of Worcester. As a handle it has a quaint little Indian idol which her Majesty received from the spoil of Seringapatam.

—Two Russians, MM. Menkhoudjinoff and Oulanoff, recently arrived at Shanghai, after a journey of two years and nine months through Thibet, in the course of which they visited Lhassa and had an interview with the Dalai Lama. It is the first time since 1811 that Europeans have accomplished this feat.

—Professor Morris, at the head of the chemical department of Cornell University, commenced work as a fireman on the New York Central Railroad. He was advanced to be engineer, and then made up his mind to get an education, which he finally accomplished, and graduated with honor at Union College.

—The Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, wears at state functions a coronet, the distinguishing features of which are five emeralds, said to be the largest in the world. These precious stones were presented to her Excellency by the people of Ireland, as an expression of love and gratitude for her interest in their welfare during Lord Aberdeen's lord-lieutenancy.

—Count Ito, the Japanese Prime Minister, has been at the front of affairs ever since the death of General Saigo, in 1877. Before this the Count's most important work was the construction of the first railway in Japan. This occurred in 1874. His greatest service to his countrymen has been in the preparation of the new constitution and of its accessory laws. The committee under his direction worked ten years, and at last the constitution was promulgated amid national rejoicing. Count Ito has no military record, and is purely a civilian.

—Some one tells this story of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterward to achieve such widespread fame by his pen. When a boy of twelve, he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately seasick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companion-way dashed the boatswain, three steps at a time, and shouting excitedly: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he ever lets go he'll drown, sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."

—Mr. H. R. Haweis, in writing in "The Young Man" of J. R. Green, the historian of the English people, says that when Dr. Tait was Bishop of London he received both Green and Haweis into the ministry: "We were neither of us good candidates, but he was very kind to both of us from the first, and had quite a special affection and admiration for Green, whom he appointed Hon. Librarian at Lambeth, and, although Green hardly ever went near the place, Tait sent him a $250 honorarium at a time when he certainly wanted it, which very much surprised and touched my friend, and he went down the very next Saturday to Lambeth and made himself busy with the books and MSS., showing the Archbishop's guests anything of interest that he could think of. 'But,' he said, 'you know, old boy, knocking about with those sort of fashionable *dilettante* folk isn't in my line, and I shall tell the Archbishop I ain't worth the money, and I 'shall throw it up,' which I believe he did very soon afterward."

—It is a strange coincidence that at the present day in France nearly every one of the leading statesmen is the son or grandson of some noted Republican. The ancestry of the late President is familiar to everybody who has ever read the history of the French Revolution and of Lazare Carnot, the "organizer of victory." The new President is a grandson of that Casimir-Périer who was Louis Philippe's famous Minister. M. Godefroi Cavaignac is a son of General Cavaignac, the rival of Louis Napoleon for presidential honors. M. Léon Say is a grandson of that Republican statesman and publicist, Jean Baptiste Say, and M. Camille Pelletan is a son of the well-known Eugène Pelletan. M. Boissy d'Anglas is the grandson of the statesman of the same name who saved the Convention from disaster. M. Camille Barrère's father and grandfather were revolutionary leaders, and M. de Rémusat, the Deputy, is the son of the Senator of that name and a grandson of Louis Philippe's Minister.

Correspondence

"Passing from Earth"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I always read with interest everything relating to the Boston Latin School—where I learned most of my Greek and Latin. In the last Outlook (in About People) I find the names of some of the graduates who have "passed from earth," and I am interested to find myself in that company with John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

It is only a few days since one of my audience—at a lecture on "Washington at Home"—asked me if I were personally acquainted with him, and was evidently disappointed when I told her that I had not had that pleasure. I feel, now, a certain satisfaction at being ranked as an intimate with Sam Adams; and in a few weeks I think we may hope that some of the spiritual papers may rap back to earth a triangular "interview" between him and me and President Eliot, who is another of those who have "passed from earth."

The process is so easy that, until I read my Outlook, I had not known that I had passed—except in dreams. In my sleep I often find myself skimming along a very little above the earth—about as high as Mr. Maxim went. Until now, however, I have never met John Hancock and Sam Adams in these passages. As for President Eliot, when he passes from earth it is apt to be as his yacht leaves dry land for the ocean—and he steps on board. But both he and I are apt to come back again. I think he will be glad to have you say that his address is still Cambridge, as I will thank you to say that mine is still 39 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass. "Not to be forwarded." Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

It is not often that we take pleasure in admitting that we have committed an editorial blunder, but, on the whole, we think our readers will derive so much entertainment from Mr. Hale's protest that they will forgive our carelessness. And we have sincere joy in testifying that Mr. Hale is not only alive but one of the livest men we ever knew.—THE EDITORS.

The Tonic Sol-fa System

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Dr. Lyman Abbott, after an investigation of the Tonic Sol-fa system in England, its characteristics and its results, says in The Outlook: "It both enables great numbers to acquire some rational knowledge of music who are now cut off from such knowledge altogether, and, at the same time and by the same process, prepares the way toward a more thorough knowledge for such as have the inclination and the ability to pursue a musical education." It is also true, as Dr. Abbott found, that it has done a work in England to which we have no parallel in America. Handel's "Messiah" is as familiar to the English people as the "Gospel Hymns" are to the American. Why are American schools and churches so slow in adopting an educational system which presents such unquestionable advantages?

It is the old, old story. The movement is confronted by the three elements which stand in the way of all progress in higher things—public inertia, professional prejudice, and vested interests. Yet the system is steadily making its way, and is as certain to prevail as a natural and simple method is always certain to prevail over that which is artificial and complex. Many communities are now anxious to secure the benefits of the system. My purpose in writing this letter is to suggest ways in which they may do so.

The Teachers' College, which has just taken possession of its noble building, erected on a large plot of ground, consisting of twenty building-lots, on Morningside Heights in New York City (the generous gift of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt) includes the Tonic Sol-fa system in its regular curriculum of study, both in the College itself and in the Horace Mann School, which is a part of the institution. My advice is for any church or board of education desiring to introduce the system to send its chorister or music-teacher to New York for two weeks. It will no doubt be a surprise to the musical reader to learn that the system can be sufficiently mastered in

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that time to enable one to teach it intelligently. But it must be remembered that the one recommended to go is already a musician. All he needs is to learn the new notation and the method of teaching it, and the system is so simple and philosophical that it can be acquired with great rapidity. The suggestion here offered is not that the chorister or teacher should attend the College for two weeks. The instruction there is adapted to a year's course, and would not meet the special needs of such a case. The plan would be to take a daily lesson from the College teacher, and also to observe the teachers' lessons in certain grades of the regular College work. He could, by diligent study for the two weeks, prepare for and receive the third grade, or what is known as the Intermediate Certificate of the American Tonic Sol-fa College. This certificate corresponds with and is recognized by the Tonic Sol-fa College of London, and gives its holder standing and position in all parts of the world where the Tonic Sol-fa system has been introduced, which means all British possessions and missionary stations.

Another plan for introducing the system would be to have an accredited teacher visit the town or city for two weeks, and teach a popular class every evening, and a "normal" or teachers' class every afternoon. This would have the advantage of interesting and training the public in the system, and of drilling the school-teachers and all who wish to teach. It would obviate the necessity of raising a fund. All that would be required would be to secure enough pupils at a certain price to cover all expenses. The need of active effort to improve the church and school music of our country is so great that I am willing to spend a part of my time in carrying out the latter plan, and will correspond with any who may wish to adopt it. Such a course of instruction would not only introduce a new and valuabl system, but it would be of the nature of a musical revival. It would awaken an interest in singing which in many communities is greatly needed.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

East Orange, N. J.

Tobacco and Thoughtlessness

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In my summer outings I am frequently brought into unpleasant contact with different types of the "tobacco fiend."

I do not intend to attack the tobacco habit in general, but I would emphasize the extent to which tobacco seems to blunt the sensibilities of those who in all other matters are scrupulously polite, courteous, and thoughtful of the rights, wishes, and feelings of others.

I have had within a recent date, in my own house, a departing guest walk into the parlor, light his cigar at the gas-burner, put on his hat, and walk out, leaving the offensive odor of his smoky trail as an abiding presence.

One variety of the "fiend" in our cities is that which stands in front or rear of a horse-car and puffs out his smoke so that it is carried the whole length of the car into the faces of ladies and gentlemen alike, although to perhaps two-thirds of the former and one-third of the latter it is intensely disagreeable and often nauseating.

Another is found among the mountains or at the seaside, on the outside of stage-coach or on buckboard, similarly destroying the enjoyment of a large portion of his fellow-passengers; or on the deck of a steamer, where a delicate invalid, having secured a seat where she may enjoy beautiful scenery and pure air, is compelled to beat a retreat before the vile and suffocating fumes from some high-priced cigar, low-toned pipe, or, worst of all, "nasty" cigarette.

Still another haunts the piazzas of summer hotels, and, not confining himself to the smoking-room or to those limits by common consent set apart for smokers, walks up to groups of ladies and puffs his offensive smoke in their faces in the intervals of conversation, because he either does not think or does not know what is required by the rules of common courtesy, while the poor ladies stand in disgust, discomfort, and suffocation, save when, once in a great while, some one of unusual force of character has sufficient independence, spirit, and frankness to say: "Sir, your tobacco-smoke is very offensive to us."

And, worst of all, beardless youngsters copy these evil habits under the impression that it is "manly," so that there seems to be great danger that the next generation may see American courtesy largely replaced in this regard by Teutonic boorishness, and the principle established practically, if not by statute, that "non-smokers, male or female, have no rights anywhere that male smokers are bound to respect."

J. W. C.

—Clwyd, the archdruid and bard of Wales, was stricken with paralysis in Denbigh on August 24, and at last accounts was still unconscious. He is ninety-four years old.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Notes and Queries

"When Augustine, the Italian monk, sent out by Gregory the Great to convert the Angles of Britain, reached the sphere of his mission, A.D. 597, he found there in hiding a regularly organized Church, with its own distinctive characteristics and its own peculiar rites and ceremonies." (From the address of Thomas Richey, delivered before the Parliament of Religions, September 25, with four pages more of the same sort.) Please tell me what he means. I have just read Green's "History of England," and settled the Historic Episcopate to my own satisfaction, and intended to go along as a good churchwoman without it, when I came across this, which I fortunately missed at the time it was delivered. I have read "The Early Organization of the Church," by Hatch, and found nothing of this.

L. W. McC.

The sphere of Augustine's work was in Kent, among the heathen Saxons, who had seized that part of Britain. Five hundred years before him the Britons had received Christianity. Its early home appears to have been near Glastonbury in the west. Augustine found a bishop at Caerleon, and six or seven others. He was desirous that the native Church should be altered in various particulars. But its bishops declined to acknowledge his leadership or the authority of the Pope, and alienation with bitterness resulted. (See Benham's "Dictionary of Religion," art. "Augustine."

Kindly advise a young woman which of the following books to get: "The Saints' Rest," "Henry Martyn's Journal," "Hall's Contemplations," and "Selections from the Writings of Payson." She wants something which she can read a little of every day, and has found such books as the "Imitation of Christ" and "Selections from Fénelon" very useful.

J. G.

We should say "Henry Martyn's Journal." We would add such a book as "Between the Lights," (A. D. F. Randolph, New York), and "Heart-Beats," by Mr. Mozoomdar (George H. Ellis, Boston), each about $1.50. "The Cloud of Witnesses" (H. Frowde, publisher, London) is a poetical compilation for every day in the year, and very good; price about $1.25.

Will you kindly tell me the title and author of a good treatise on Graphite or Plumbago? I want to know its various uses, value, etc.

A SUBSCRIBER.

We can only refer you to encyclopædia articles. Almost any encyclopædia would have an article on Black Lead, Graphite, or Plumbago. There is an excellent article of the kind (though short) in Chambers's Cyclopædia, new edition.

"F. A." asks for the authors of two passages. The first is by Shelley, and the lines in full are as follows:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

The second is from a play called "Macbeth" (Act V., Scene 5), written by one William Shakespeare, the passage being as follows:

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more," etc.,

easily to be found in any concordance of Shakespeare or dictionary of quotations, reminding me of the well-known criticism of one who saw "Hamlet" for the first time and remarked that he had never seen a play so full of quotations—perhaps a relative of the Bostonian who remarked, after witnessing the same play, that he did not believe there were three men in Boston who could write that play.

H. J. F.

In one of Dickens's novels some one speaks of the dropping of a wedding-ring at the ceremony as being good luck; can any one tell me in which novel it may be found, and where?

G. L. B.

"W. B. B." asks in The Outlook for August 18, "Can any one tell in what poem these lines are found:

"'The queen of the spring, as she passed through the vale,
Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale'?"

I first read it in a poem called "The Rainbow," published in a little magazine—"The Ladies' Garland"—about 1836. Later the poem became familiar to me among the verses in a School Reader—"The American Manual"—in common use in district schools in central New York from 1840 to 1850. The author of the lovely poem was either James G. Percival or Thomas Campbell.

C. F. H.

Will some one please tell me through The Outlook what Christian poet wrote the following lines quoted in Phillips Brooks's "Influence of Jesus:"

"He who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
That he hath never used, and thought with him
Is in its infancy"?

A. E. W.

Books Received

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Storm, Theodor. Geschichten aus der Tonne. Edited by C. F. Brusie. 65 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Du Maurier, George. Trilby. $1.75.
Clark, Frederick T. On Cloud Mountain. $1.
Matthews, Brander. Vignettes of Manhattan. $1.50.
Black, William. Highland Cousins. $1.75.
Woollam, Wilfrid. With the Help of the Angels. 50 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Weyman, Stanley J. My Lady Rotha. $1.25.
Walford, L. B. The Matchmaker. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Shuckburgh, Evelyn S. A History of Rome. $1.75.
McCurdy, James F. History, Prophecy, and the Monuments. Vol. I. $3.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Traill, H. D. Social England. Vol. II. $3.50.
Seccombe, Thomas. Lives of Twelve Bad Men. $3.50.
Fuller, Anna. Peak and Prairie. $1.
Dean, Andrew. Lesser's Daughter. 50 cts.
Papers of the American Society of Church History. Edited by Rev. Samuel M. Jackson. Vol. VI. $3.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Stevens, Thomas. Around the World on a Bicycle. New Edition. 2 Vols. $5.
Pasquier, Chancellor. Memoirs. Edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. III. $2.50.
Stevens, George B. The Johannine Theology. $2.
Drake, Samuel Adams. The Making of the Ohio Valley States. $1.50.

E. B. TREAT, NEW YORK

Thoughts for the Occasion, Patriotic and Secular: A Repository of Historical Data, Facts, and Thoughts. $1.75.

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See Forum *of July, page 30.*

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The Business World

The Inter-State Commerce Report

The value to the business world of the carefully prepared Inter-State Commerce Statistical Report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, is surely greater than that of any other. While the entire report is not yet ready, its summaries are printed, and make more instructive reading than that found in any previous Inter-State report. The tardy publication of the present document is explained by the fact of an equal tardiness of the railways in filing their returns. The report shows over 176,000 miles of road operated. On nearly all of this statements of gross earnings were secured, and they amount to $1,220,000,000, the net earnings being $392,000,000. The capital stock aggregates $4,630,000,000, and the funded debt $5,266,000,000, besides $604,000,000 of current liabilities. An amusing error has crept into the report—not a matter of fact, but one of opinion. In commenting on the mileage increase for 1892–3, the statistician remarks that "it probably indicates a turn in the curve of railway construction." Alas for such prophecy! During the year following, railway construction declined to a lower ebb than had been reached in years before. The error is inexcusable when we read that the words were edited only two months ago, on June 30, 1894.

A Quarter-Century's Commercial Statistics

Mr. W. C. Ford, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, has prepared a summary of commercial statistics from 1867 to 1893. At the first date the population of the United States was 36,000,000; at the last date there were 30,000,000 people added. In 1867 the value of the domestic merchandise exports were $7.73 per head of the population; in 1893 they were $12.44, but in 1881 they had risen to $17.23. The value of imported merchandise in 1867 was $10.44 per head, and in 1893 $12.64. Yet in 1873 it had risen as high as $15.91, and in 1879 had fallen as low as $8.99. The percentage of merchandise carried in American vessels was reduced in this entire period from 35 to 11½ per cent. In 1867 the amount of money in circulation was $18.28 a head; in 1878, $15.32; in 1892, $24.44; in 1893, $23.87; and to-day, $24.54. The public debt in 1867 was a burden of $69.29 a head; in 1893 of only $12.55. Its interest charge had shrunk in even greater proportion—namely, from $3.84 to 34 cents. In marked and mortifying contrast to this, the pension charge, only 51 cents in 1867, has risen until last year it stood at $2.37 a head!

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QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE ASTOR PLACE BANK, on the morning of the 29th day of August, 1894.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts, less due from directors,		$1,424,010 56
Liability of directors as per schedule (as makers)		13,200 00
Stocks and bonds		29,446 00
Overdrafts, as per schedule		300 34
Due from trust companies, State and National banks	$203,786 78	
Specie, as per schedule	94,144 16	
U. S. legal-tender notes and circulating notes of National banks	51,035 00	
Cash items, viz.: Bills and checks for the next day's exchanges	37,176 95	
Other items carried as cash, as per schedule	1,962 43	
		388,105 32
Current expenses		6,230 18
Furniture and fixtures		5,000 00
		$1,866,292 40

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in in cash		$250,000 00
Surplus fund		250,000 00
Undivided profits, viz.: Discount	$12,110 89	
Interest	3,298 25	
Other profits	60,590 53	
		75,999 67
Due depositors, as follows, viz.: Deposits subject to check	$1,237,191 41	
Demand certificates of deposit	11,200 89	
Certified checks	9,611 54	
Cashier's checks outstanding	25,288 89	
		1,283,292 73
Reserve for taxes		7,000 00
		$1,866,292 40

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss.:
FRANCIS L. HINE, Vice-President, and JOHN T. PERKINS, Cashier of the Astor Place Bank, a bank located and doing business at Astor Place and Eighth St., in the City of New York, in said County, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report, with the schedule accompanying the same, is in all respects a true statement of the condition of the said bank before the transaction of any business on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1894; and they further say that the business of said bank has been transacted at the location required by the banking law (Chap. 689, Laws of 1892), and not elsewhere, and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the Superintendent of Banks designating the twenty-ninth day of August as the day on which such report shall be made.

FRANCIS L. HINE, Vice-President.
JOHN T. PERKINS, Cashier.

Severally subscribed and sworn to by both deponents, the 31st day of August, 1894, before me.
WM. H. DRAKE,
Notary Public, Kings Co., certificate filed in N. Y. Co.

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A Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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A Derelict's Travels

The steamship Arcadia, says "The Million," passing to the north of Scotland, a year and a half ago picked up off the Orkneys a three-masted British ship and towed her into Kirkwall. The name of the vessel was the Cubana. She had sailed from Newfoundland in October, 1892, with a cargo of copper and ore for Swansea, but encountered a succession of violent storms, which so knocked her about that the crew despaired of saving her, and got themselves carried off by a passing ship. That was on November 14, and the Cubana was not expected to float until another sunrise; but somehow or other the ship took charge of herself, and made wonderful weather of it, although November and December were bad months on the Atlantic.

A fortnight after she was abandoned, the Cunard steamship Aurania sighted her with her rigging wrecked, but the hull as good as ever, in the same parallel of latitude, but seven degrees more to the eastward. On December 9 she had driven three more degrees easterly, and was seen and boarded by the Norwegian bark Alma, which brought away some papers. On December 15 the steamship Floridian passed her another couple of degrees to the eastward, drifting a little northerly. Three days later the Catalonia steamship sighted her, still near the Banks; but then she was caught by the northeasterly set of the Gulf Stream, so that the next report of her was on January 10, 1893, when she was seen again well over to the Scotch coast, with nothing of her spars standing except the mizzenmast.

For thirty days did that abandoned ship drive before the winds and currents of the Atlantic with her main-hatch open and no rudder, being brought at last into harbor. What became of her afterward is not stated.

It was the proud and constant boast of Admiral Rous that, in his naval days, he had brought a Queen's ship across the Atlantic without a rudder. The iron bark Cubana certainly deserved to be re-equipped and re-manned; for, although she did not make her port of destination, she brought her copper ore, without a hand to steer her, across the Atlantic at its wildest, and safely into harbor.

Education in China

In no country, says a writer in the "Nineteenth Century," is education more highly esteemed than in China. The child of the workingman, as a rule, cannot hope to get more than a mere smattering; but scattered through the country are numberless families the members of which, for generation after generation, are always students, and from whom, as a rule, the officials come. They have no knowledge of any business or trade. They correspond very closely to what are, or used to be, called gentlemen in England, and preserve their position with great tenacity, even when hard pressed by poverty.

Rich parvenus, as a matter of course, engage tutors for their children; and in the humblest ranks of life occasionally parents will stint themselves to give an opportunity to some son who has shown marked intelligence at the village school. But neither of these classes compete on an equality with those to whom learning is a hereditary profession. The cultivation and intellectual discipline prevailing in such families give their members a marked advantage over those who get no help of the kind at home, and who must, therefore, depend entirely on what they learn from their paid teachers.

The orthodox scheme of education is entirely concerned with the ancient literature of China. The original works which occupy the student's attention were, for the most part, written before the literature of either Greece or Rome had reached its prime. But there are commentators belonging to later periods who must also be perused with diligence. China has not seen an influx of new races, such as have overrun Europe since the days of our classical authors; but still, from mere lapse of time, the language of the country has greatly changed, and the child beginning his studies cannot without explanation understand a single sentence, even if he has learned to read the words of the lesson which he has before him. The student makes himself acquainted as thoroughly as possible with these classical works. The more he can quote of them the better, but he must master the matter contained in them as well.

He must get to know the different readings and different interpretations of disputed passages, and, finally, he practices himself in prose and verse composition. In prose he carefully preserves the ancient phraseology, never admitting modern words, though there are certain technicalities of style which will prevent his productions from being an exact imitation of the ancient literature. His verses must be in close imitation of the old-time poets. They must follow elaborate rules as to rhythm, and the words must rhyme according to the classical sounds, which are very different from those of to-day.

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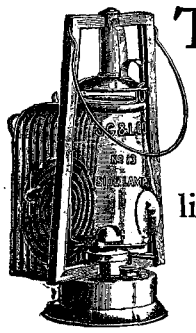

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Melrose by Moonlight

Bernard Barton, who will perhaps be remembered longer because he was the friend of poets than for his own smooth verse, once wrote to ask Sir Walter Scott for an autograph copy of some lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." They came with the following note:

"I have been lazy in sending you the two transcripts. In calling back the days of my youth, I was surprised into confessing what I might as well have kept to myself, that I had been guilty of sending persons a-bat-hunting to see the ruins of Melrose by moonlight, which I never saw myself.

"The fact is rather curious, for, as I have often slept nights at Melrose, when I did not reside so near the place, it is singular that I have not seen it by moonlight on some chance occasion. However, it so happens that I never did, and must, unless I get cold by going on purpose, be contented with supposing that these ruins look very like other Gothic buildings which I have seen by the wan light of the moon."

When the accompanying quotation was examined, it was found not to end according to the ordinary version:

> Then go—but go alone the while—
> Then view St. David's ruin'd pile,
> And, home returning, soothly swear
> Was never scene so sad and fair.

This was the amended form:

> Then go—and meditate with awe
> On scenes the author never saw,
> Who never wandered by the moon
> To see what could be seen by noon.

The Deacon's Remonstrance

There lived down in Cambridge, Ind., a well-known old gentleman by the name of Josiah Nixon, who in early boyhood had acquired the habit of gross exaggeration. The habit had grown upon him so that he believed everything he said was the truth, no matter how great the exaggeration. After he had reached the ripe old age of threescore and ten, some of the deacons in the church thought his peculiarity was too much like lying to pass unnoticed, and it was decided, after a great deal of consideration, that the old gentleman must be churched.

One evening, while he was seated in front of his door telling a small circle of neighbors about the way pioneers had to live, the gate opened, and the delegation of deacons filed in.

"Yes," the old gentleman was saying, "we had hard times then. I lived two years on grass and hickory-bark on Sundays. We used to call Sundays 'bark days' on that account, and that's the only way we could tell when Sunday come. Bears! I see twelve hundred great big varmints onc't around our camp, and I killed—"

"Uncle Josiah," broke in one of the deacons, "we have come to see you about this habit of yours. You have the unpleasant habit of forgetting the truth when talking, and we have come to remonstrate with you."

"I know it, deacon," replied the old man, as he looked round. "I know it, and I want to tell you that I have grieved over that failin' of mine five hundred thousand times a day for the past two hundred years."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

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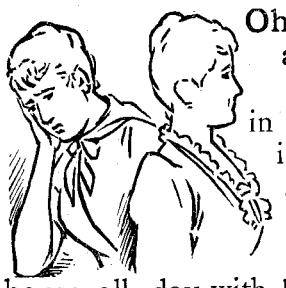

Oh! What a difference in the evening—when a woman has cleaned house all day with **Pearline**, instead of the old-fashioned way. It's so much easier.

There isn't a thing anywhere about the house (that you'd take water to) but **Pearline** can save you time and work on it. Saves that wearing rubbing on your paint and wood work, too. And what a difference to everyone in the house when the cleaning is done quickly and easily and without any fuming and fretting! **You men ought to get together and insist on Pearline.** 443 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

ELEVENTH INTERVIEW

By our Special Commissioner

with Mrs. WEEKS (Mother of Mrs. MILLS), Holborn Place, Jubilee Street, Plymouth.

The case of Miss H. F. Weeks (now Mrs. Mills) was first published in the Appendix to Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption (page 18), and the subjoined account of it, and a conversation I had recently with her mother, Mrs. Weeks, will serve as a striking illustration of that permanence of cure which usually follows perseverance with the treatment which Mr. Congreve advocates.

Twelve years ago—on the first day of 1882—the patient (having then been ill ten months, and, although at different times tended by no less than five medical men, having obtained no benefit) applied to Mr. Congreve.

The statement of the case was as follows: "The expectoration consisted of greenish matter, with blood; there were great pains in the left side; the breathing was very short; all the secretions were sadly wrong; the heart was subject to severe palpitations; the legs and feet swelled; the body was wasted; the strength had declined; added to which there was great prostration of the nervous system."

"The beginning of her illness was a cold caused through getting wet," said Mrs. Weeks. "It did not seem to matter what advice she had, or what we gave her; nothing seemed to do her good. One doctor told me that one lung was gone and the other was going. I had a medical man in the house for three months, but she got worse instead of better."

"How came you to apply to Mr. Congreve?" I asked.

"It was her uncle, Mr. Kelley, of 14 Chapel Street, Devonport, who sent to Mr. Congreve without saying anything to us about it. I had no hope of her getting better."

"And what was the result, Mrs. Weeks?"

"Well, for the first month there was not much change, but after that Mr. Congreve sent her a special prescription, to be taken in addition to his other medicine. Her appetite improved, and she made rapid progress toward recovery. As the weather got better she was able to go out a little, increasing the length of the walk each day, and so she gradually got well again."

"What! after the doctors here had told you one lung was gone and the other going, and after ten months of an illness such as you have described, she really quite recovered?"

"She did, and she has since been examined by a doctor, who reported that her lungs were healed. The neighbors, who are all acquainted with the circumstances (for we are well known in this part of Plymouth), say she is a wonder. I never heard of so bad a case as hers."

"And will it be correct to say that, after twelve years, she is still keeping well?"

"Quite correct. She is married, and has a fine little girl"—and here true grandmotherly pride made itself very evident—"the finest baby in the neighborhood. She does all her household work. I only wish you could see her. She will be here some time this morning."

The exigencies of the train service, however, would not permit of my remaining longer in Plymouth; but before I bade her good-day Mrs. Weeks told me of another case—the daughter of the proprietor of a steam laundry near, "who was ill just like my daughter"—also cured by Mr. Congreve's treatment.

Mr. Kelley, whose address is given above and upon whom I called, also corroborated the account here given, and added that his own son, who was at one time very ill with chest affection, recovered under Mr. Congreve's care, and now, strong, healthy, and well, is employed in a large house of business in the city of London.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had, post free, for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of $1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

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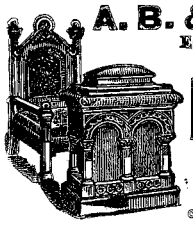

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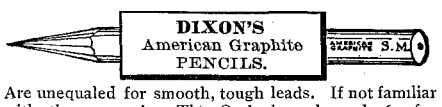

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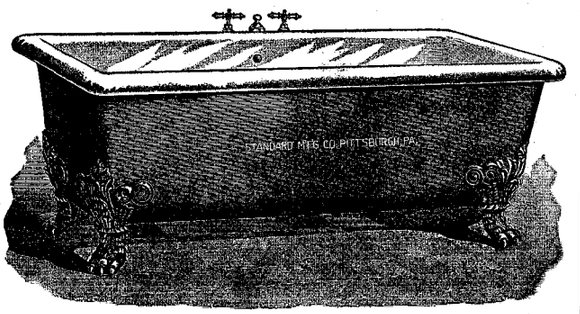

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